

SUPPORT THE FIFTH WAR LOAN DRIVE
BUY A BOND TODAY

25 cents (30¢ in Canada)

JULY 1944

The American Mercury

THE TRAGIC CASE OF FINLAND

William Henry Chamberlin

RANKIN OF MISSISSIPPI

Russell Whelan

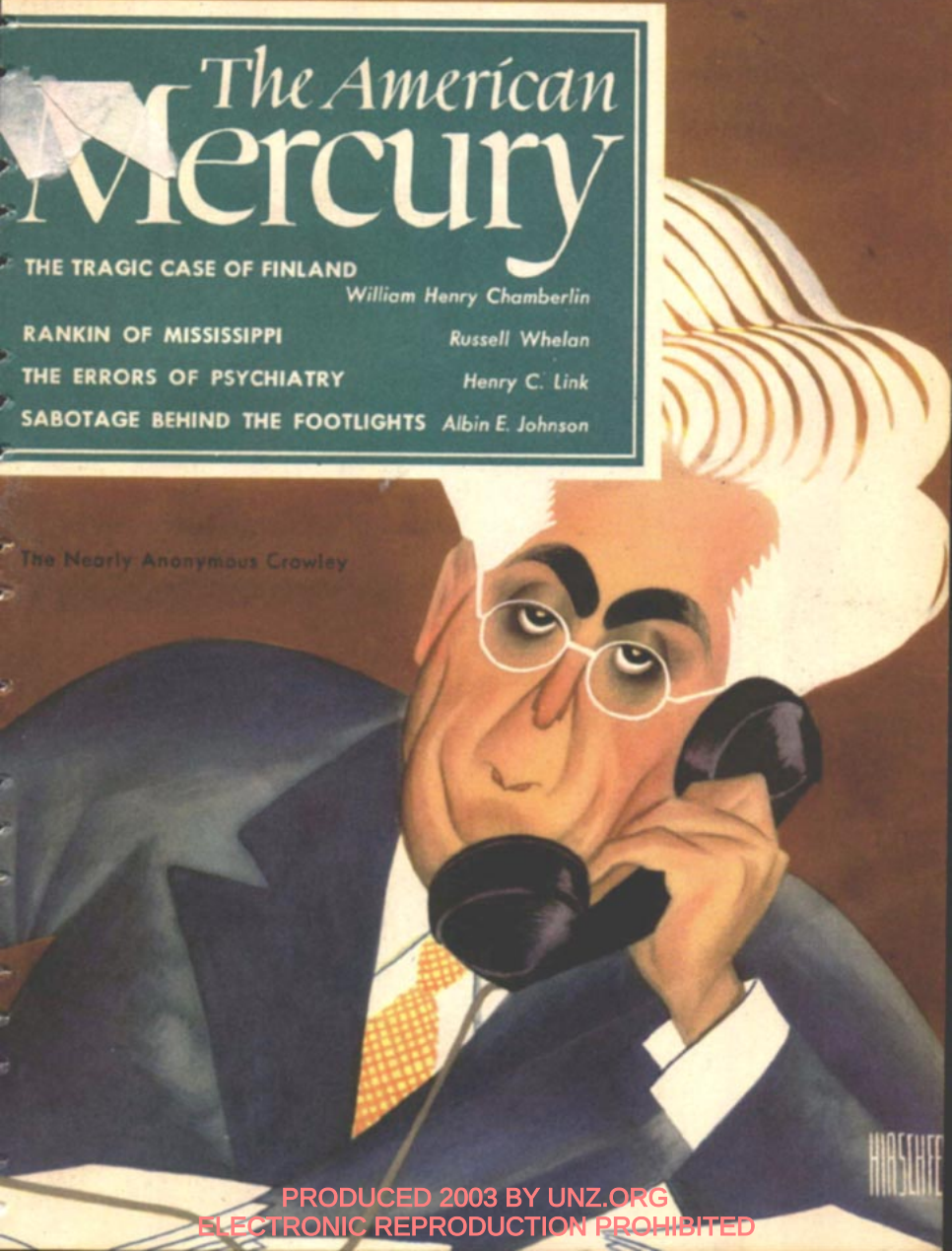
THE ERRORS OF PSYCHIATRY

Henry C. Link

SABOTAGE BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

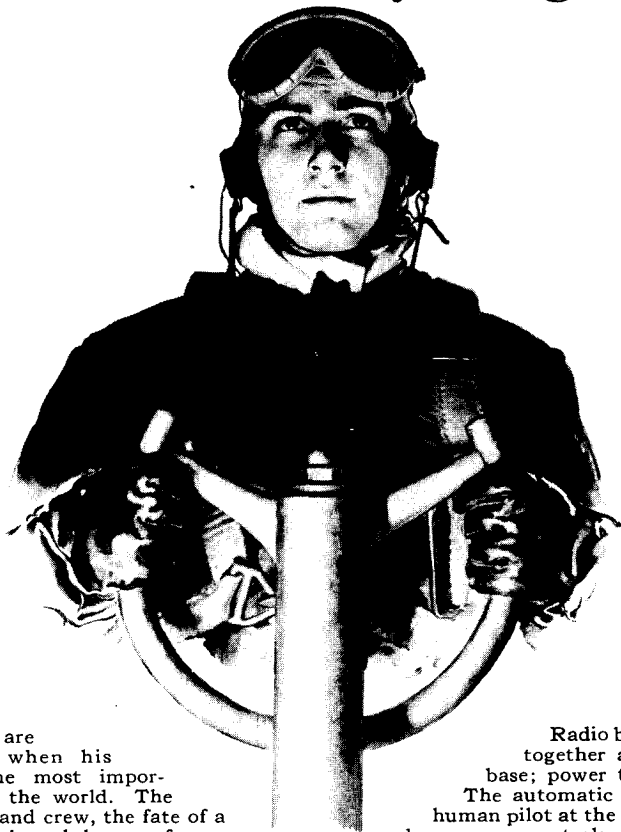
Albin E. Johnson

The Nearly Anonymous Crowley



PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Show *him* the way to go home



THERE are split seconds when his judgment is the most important thing in the world. The safety of a ship and crew, the fate of a mission, the work and hopes of many men—are in his hands. They are in good hands.

There is no more important task for G-E research and engineering today than in developing equipment to make this—one of the toughest jobs of our time—a little easier and a little safer.

Every day, in every flight, electricity is at work in our bombers and fighters.

Electrically driven gyroscope instruments show the way—in fog, or cloud, or night.

Lamps light instrument dials and landing strip.

Radio binds the squadron together and links it to its base; power turrets protect it. The automatic pilot relieves the human pilot at the controls, and unlever power controls give him, in effect, an extra hand by combining the controls for turbosuperchargers and engines.

Electric motors start the engines, retract the landing gear, change the pitch of the propellers. Electricity heats boots, and gloves, and flying suits of pilot and crew.

Although the American homes of our fliers are half a world away, home base—because of electric instruments in their cockpits, and electric equipment on their planes—is a little nearer, a little surer and more certain. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N.Y.*

SOME EQUIPMENT GENERAL ELECTRIC BUILDS FOR AVIATION:

Gyroscopes and other instruments, automatic pilots, remote indicating compasses, radio equipment, motors and motor actuator units, unlever power controls, ignition systems, jet propulsion engines, turbosuperchargers, flying suits, lamps, power turrets, and sights, hydraulic systems, electronic devices, etc.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED
The best investment in the world is in this country's future—BUY WAR BONDS

**"I hope every business man and women
in America will read this book. It is critical
and yet constructive, it is practical, it is
American, it is forward looking"**

— PAUL JORDAN-SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*.

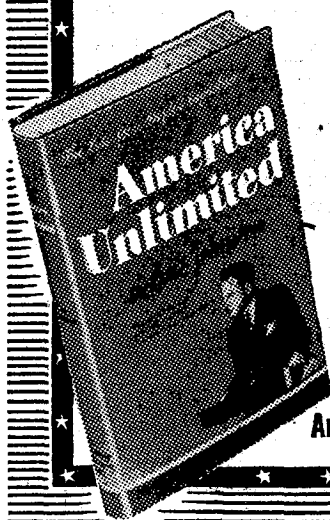
"Here, obviously, is a man who will not sell America short, nationally or internationally.... The people's capitalism which he describes, and for which he pleads with an infectious optimism and convincing sincerity, is a middle-of-the-road system."

— John MacCormac, N. Y. Times Book Review.

"He reveals himself as one who believes thoroughly that Ameri-

can democracy can work." — *N. Y. Sun.*

"Written with reason and restraint. He does not smear. He does not fulminate. He does not denounce without reason. He scoffs at pessimists . . . and tells candidly what he likes and what he dislikes about the present government and its attitude toward business. Most of all, Mr. Johnston wants cooperation among capital, labor and business." — *Hartford Times.*



AMERICA UNLIMITED

by Eric Johnston

President of the United States Chamber of Commerce

At your bookseller's

\$2.50

An American Mercury-Doubleday, Doran Book

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
LIX

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
247

JULY, 1944 13127

The Tragic Case of Finland.....	William Henry Chamberlin	7
The Nearly Anonymous Crowley.....	Robert L. Riggs	16
Colleges in Postwar America.....	Harry Woodburn Chase	23
Rankin of Mississippi.....	Russell Whelan	31
Austrians are Different.....	Alfred Polgar	38
THE STATE OF THE UNION:		
<i>The Gamblers with Liberty</i>	Max Eastman	42
The Old Deal Democrats.....	Vance Johnson	50
The Promise of Television.....	Robert Conly	58
Fannie Farmer and her Cook Book.....	Zulma Steele	66
The Errors of Psychiatry.....	Henry C. Link	72
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES:		
I. <i>An Anti-Nazi Allegory</i>	Francis S. Campbell	79
II. <i>Modern Lung Surgery Saves Lives</i>	Leona Alberts Wassersug	82
Britain's Darkest Hour.....	Hector Bolitho	88
Sabotage Behind the Footlights.....	Albin E. Johnson	96
Our Limitless Resources.....	D. Worth Clark	102
THE THEATRE:		
<i>Clinical Notes on the Critical Art</i>	George Jean Nathan	108
The Literary Hoax.....	Frank Weitenkampf	112
DOWN TO EARTH:		
<i>Cogitation on Crayfish</i>	Alan Devoe	114
POETRY:		
I. <i>Through the Day</i>	Wilbert Snow	78
II. <i>Doubt and Reassurance</i>	Charles Angoff	101
THE LIBRARY:		
<i>The Biggest and Bestest in American Folklore</i>	Julian Lee Rayford	118
CHECK LIST.....		5
OPEN FORUM.....		123
CARTOONS BY Eric Peters		

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, \$3.00 in U.S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Copyright 1944 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain,

Mexico, and all other countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK, *Publisher*

EUGENE LYONS, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*; Mildred Falk, *Associate Editor*; J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*



Courteous, Calm and Competent

These are traditions of the telephone business.

The courtesy born of competence and the calm, sure speed that comes from knowing how.

Learned in peace, these are valuable traits in war when Bell System people are under more pressure than ever before.

Even in today's rush and hurry, "The Voice With a Smile" keeps right on being a part of telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



When you're calling over war-busy lines, the Long Distance operator may ask you to "please limit your call to 5 minutes." That's to help more calls get through during rush periods.

**PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED**



THE BARCLAY HOTEL IN NEW YORK

A hotel of character—where the management personnel understands and respects the responsibilities it has assumed.

Single Rooms, \$6 and \$7

Double Rooms, \$8 and \$10

Suites with Private Serving Pantry, \$12-\$15

Brochure on request

The **BARCLAY**

111 East 48th St., New York 17, N.Y.

William H. Rorke, General Manager

MEET ME ON THE TERRACE AT THE BARCLAY

The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS

AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT
Stories, Articles, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on "Best Seller Lists" and in national periodicals. Highly recommended aid for sale and publication of fiction, non-fiction, manuscripts. Unknown authors assisted. Write for information. 55 West 42nd St., New York.

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS

Station O, Box 22 New York 11, N. Y.

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News, illustrated feature articles on coins and medals. Sample copy 25c. American Numismatic Association, 99 Livingston St., Brooklyn 2, N. Y.

DICTIONARIES AND GRAMMARS
FOR 56 LANGUAGES, CATALOG FREE.

SCHOENHOF BOOK Co. (Established 1856)

Harvard Square, CAMBRIDGE 38, Mass.

ATHEIST

BOOKS. 32-page
catalogue free.

Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

AT YOUR

Elbow

At The Roosevelt everything that makes New York so interesting is right at your elbow. Step off your train at Grand Central, follow the private passageway direct to The Roosevelt, enjoy cheerful rooms . . . delicious food. Attractive rooms with bath from \$4.50.

THE ROOSEVELT

Robert P. Williford, General Manager

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

— A Hilton Hotel —

OTHER HILTON HOTELS FROM COAST TO COAST:

TEXAS, Abilene, El Paso, Longview, Lubbock, Plainview;
NEW MEXICO, Albuquerque; CALIFORNIA, Long Beach,
Los Angeles, The Town House; MEXICO, Chihuahua,
The Palacio Hilton, Hilton Hotels. C. N. Hilton, President.

for

YOUR CONVENIENCE

SEND ME

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

I enclose

☐ \$3 for 1 year ☐ \$5 for 2 years

Name

Address

City No.

State

AM 7-44

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
870 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

CHECK LIST

D DAY, by John Gunther. \$3.00. *Harper*. Here is Mr. Gunther's first-hand report of the Allied invasion of Sicily — plus what he saw at about the same time in Malta, Turkey and Cairo. As usual, he commands a facile style, but it is becoming increasingly apparent that Mr. Gunther is more successful in portraying people than in describing places or clarifying national characteristics. His chapters on Malta and Egypt, for example, add up to almost nothing, but his chapters on Generals Eisenhower, Montgomery and Alexander sparkle and add a bit to the understanding of these men.

THE WAY OUR PEOPLE LIVED, by W. E. Woodward. \$3.95. *Dutton*. This book is exactly what the subtitle says it is: "An Intimate American History." Hardly an "important" statesman or general is mentioned, but a great deal is said about how people married in Puritan days, how young blades passed Saturday evening in 1800, what it meant to go from New York to Cincinnati in 1840, when stone sidewalks made their first appearance, when the lead pencil was introduced to common use, and for how long the typewriter was looked upon as a mere toy. Though Mr. Woodward uses a fictional form for his history, his facts are obviously based on tremendous research and he presents them most entertainingly. There are many fine illustrations at the end.

THE GERMAN ARMY, by Herbert Rosinski. \$3.00. *The Infantry Journal: Washington*. This is probably the most authoritative discussion of the German Army, from the days of Frederick the Great to the present, in the English language. It is not only a historical survey but a profound psychological analysis of the German mind — civilian as well as military. There is a highly appreciative introduction by Colonel Joseph I. Greene, editor of the *Infantry Journal*.

STANDING ROOM ONLY, by Elizabeth Fowler. \$2.00. *Dodd, Mead*. In September, 1940, (Continued on page 122)

OUR TEN NEAREST
LATIN-AMERICAN
NEIGHBORS

Middle America

By Charles Morrow Wilson

"A challenging answer to the unspoken question: 'What is Middle America to us?' Mr. Wilson has first hand knowledge of his facts. . . . His clear reasoning and vital enthusiasm will go far toward convincing his countrymen that here is a dream which can and should come true." — *N. Y. Times Book Review*.

Maps and illustrations • \$3.50

BOOKS THAT LIVE

THE Loom of Language

LANCELOT HOGBEN, Ed.
FREDERICK BODMER

"In the same way *Mathematics for the Million* cleared up our mathematical phobia, *The Loom of Language* is an attempt to clear up our language phobia — and it does." — S. I. HAYAKAWA, *Chicago Sun*.

Illustrated • \$3.75

W. W. NORTON & CO., 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 11



From our '43 log book...

All the ships of the United Fruit Company's American fleet continued in war service during 1943 . . . besides 35 of our own ships, the Government allotted to the Company 45 additional vessels for management and operation : : : 5,000,000 tons of cargo were handled . . . By the end of 1943 wartime losses from our American fleet had reached 20 vessels . . . 6 new fully refrigerated ships were ordered.

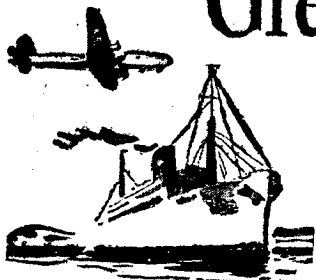
★ In Middle America the Company aided the Government in the planting of *abaca* (Manila hemp), and in establishing other vital strategic crops formerly imported from the Far East . . . *all on a strictly nonprofit basis to the Company* ★ Our subsidiary, Tropical Radio Telegraph, rendered valuable war aid to the Governments of Middle America and the United States, including the operation of the sole International Radio Telephone service connecting Central America with the world.

★ Our Medical staff served our Armed Forces and Caribbean peoples . . . and in this country assisted in manning and operation of steamers of the War Shipping Administration ★ Medals were struck for Meritorious Service at Sea Beyond the Call of Duty, and 5 awards have been made . . .

Great White Fleet



UNITED FRUIT COMPANY



. . . When Victory is won, the ships of the Great White Fleet will return to their familiar Caribbean routes, and take up once again the peacetime task of transporting passengers and cargo between Middle America and the United States, helping to build a new era of peace and progress.

GUATEMALA ★ EL SALVADOR ★ HONDURAS ★ NICARAGUA ★ COSTA RICA
PANAMA

PRODUCED BY UNICORE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American MERCURY

THE TRAGIC CASE OF FINLAND

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE prospective fate of Finland is one of the great moral tragedies of the Second World War. A small, democratic, highly cultured people, one of the first to take up arms against unprincipled aggression, is officially threatened with the dire fate properly destined for aggressors. By a curious and most unfortunate chain of circumstances the crushing of a democratic outpost in Northern Europe has become almost an official American war aim. The Anglo-American-Soviet statement of May 12, addressed to the so-called Axis satellites — Finland, Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania — contains the following sentence:

The Governments of Bulgaria and Finland have placed their countries in the service of Germany and remain in the war at Germany's side.

It is highly doubtful whether an impartial American historian after the end of the war will endorse this state-

ment as regards Finland. The Finnish Army has fought two unequal wars against the Soviet Union, a country with forty times the population of Finland, not as an ally of Germany, not for schemes of conquest which would be absurd and fantastic for a people of less than four millions, but in sheer elementary self-defense.

There is no alliance between Germany and Finland. The best proof that there is no secret tie-up between Berlin and Helsinki is the recent action of the Finnish Government in earnestly, although unsuccessfully, exploring the possibility of a reasonable peace settlement with the Soviet Union. The Finnish Government is a free agent, not a Nazi stooge regime. The Finnish front on the Isthmus of Karelia and along the Svir River is held by Finnish troops, not by Germans. The German troops in Finland, some seven divisions, amounting to

about 100,000 men, are in Northern Finland, in what is, to all intents and purposes, a separate front.

The Finns have engaged in no offensive operations for more than two years. It is an unsubstantiated Soviet canard that Finnish guns took part in the bombardment of Leningrad. The Finnish Government has indicated repeatedly that it would be happy at any time to conclude peace on the basis of the Atlantic Charter principles of self-determination and respect for the sovereignty of small nations. It has never been offered such a peace.

The irony of the situation, from the Finnish standpoint, is to be found in the loud acclaim which their country's gallant resistance to an entirely unprovoked attack by the Soviet Union aroused in America and in Great Britain in 1939 and 1940. Robert E. Sherwood, a playwright who has made a practice of reflecting the prevalent moods of the time, made Finland the collective hero of his drama, *There Shall Be No Night*.

Apart from a negligible minority of communists and fellow-travellers, American sympathy for Finland at that time was warm, instinctive and practically universal. Here is President Roosevelt's considered judgment on the first Russo-Finnish War, as pronounced in an address to the American Youth Congress, reported in *The New York Times* of February 11, 1940:

Here is a small republic in Northern Europe. A republic which, without any question whatever, wishes solely to main-

tain its own territorial and governmental integrity. Nobody with any pretense of common sense believes that Finland had any ulterior designs on the integrity or the safety of the Soviet Union.

The American sympathy is 98 percent with the Finns in their effort to stave off invasion of their own soil. That American sympathy by now is axiomatic.

The Soviet Union, as a matter of practical fact, as everybody knows who has got the courage to face the fact, the practical fact known to you and known to all the world, is run by a dictatorship, a dictatorship as absolute as any other dictatorship in the world.

It has allied itself with another dictatorship and it has invaded a neighbor so infinitesimally small that it could do no conceivable, possible harm to the Soviet Union, a small nation that seeks only to live at peace as a democracy and a liberal forward-looking democracy at that.

President Roosevelt's characterization of Finland is just as accurate now as it was four years ago. Under the terrific strain of war Finland's democratic institutions continue to function. During the recent peace negotiations with Russia the Government took the Diet into its confidence to a degree that might well be emulated in older democratic governments.

Finland in 1944 has the same political structure as Finland in 1940. There has been no persecution of Jews, no adoption of Nazi racism. There has been no *coup d'état*, no setting up of a dictatorship. The Diet is a freely elected body, with several parties, of which the Labor Party is the strongest. Close divisions in votes on important questions are not in-

frequent — the best proof that this is no totalitarian rubberstamp legislature.

There was a unanimous vote of support for the Government when it reluctantly, and after some days of delay, entered the war against Russia for the second time, in June, 1941. This unanimous vote was for the same reason as the unanimous vote of the American Congress after Japan had bombed Pearl Harbor. It was in response to days of one-sided bombing of Finnish cities by Soviet airplanes.

Finland's voice has been largely silenced in this country. The Finnish Legation in Washington is not allowed to present its country's side of the case, while there are, of course, the utmost freedom and facility for one-sided communist and anti-Finnish statements and misstatements of fact. There is, however, enough material available to an impartial investigator to make it possible to dispel the mists of war propaganda and to reconstruct a picture that adds up to the stark tragedy of a small democracy being threatened with "disastrous consequences" by two large democracies because geography made it the prospective victim of the wrong kind of totalitarian state.

Let us consider the Finnish-Soviet relationship in its successive phases and see whether a liberty-loving Finland could have avoided the fatal chain of circumstances that now threatens to engulf it most undeservedly with the deserved downfall of the Nazi tyranny in Germany.

I. The Pre-War Phase

The Finns are separated from the Russians by profound differences of race and religion, language and culture. They are not Slavs; they are mostly of the Lutheran faith; their language has not the slightest affinity to Russian. When Tsar Alexander I acquired Finland from Sweden in 1809 he recognized the national individuality of the country. Finland was an autonomous grand duchy and was united with Russia by a personal union, the Tsar being considered Grand Duke of Finland.

Sporadic attempts at Russification met bitter and united resistance. Of all the regions of the former Russian Empire Finland and Poland were the most obviously suited to existence as independent states. Separation from Russia was hastened by the violence of the Bolshevik revolutionary movement. Lenin recognized the independence of Finland on December 31, 1917.

There was a fierce civil war in Finland itself in the spring of 1918, Russian intervention (despite the formal recognition of independence) on the side of the Reds being more than counterbalanced by German intervention on the side of the moderate and conservative groups, which possessed a slight majority in the Diet before the war began. It is a noteworthy fact that nearly all the surviving leaders of the Red revolt in Finland in 1918 are staunchly for the policy of national resistance now. The leader of the Fin-

nish trade-union movement, Vuori, who spent some years of political exile in Russia, is a strong advocate of fighting to the bitter end. This is true of other Finnish labor and radical leaders who have seen Soviet conditions at first hand.

Once established as an independent republic, Finland consistently followed a policy of seeking to remain on good terms with the Soviet Union. Russian émigrés who carried on anti-Soviet propaganda were expelled. The Finnish Government closed its eyes to the arrest and execution, on very dubious charges of espionage and sabotage, of some Finnish citizens in Russia.

Finland responded to the initiative of the Soviet Government and signed a treaty of non-aggression on January 21, 1932. This treaty was extended for ten years on April 7, 1934. A Soviet-Finnish convention on conciliation procedure was signed in Helsinki on April 22, 1932.

II. The First Soviet-Finnish War

The first Soviet attack on Finland followed to the last detail the familiar pattern of cynical totalitarian aggression. Unwarranted demands for territorial cessions (in clear violation of the non-aggression treaty which was in force between the two countries) were accompanied by threats and abuse. The Finnish Prime Minister was described as "a clown" in the Soviet press.

Finally there was the inevitable manufactured frontier incident followed by all-out Soviet military in-

vasion of Finland at the end of November, 1939.

The Norwegian Quisling found a predecessor in Otto Kuusinen, an émigré Finnish communist who was solemnly recognized as head of a "People's Government of Finland" by the Soviet Government. The phantom Kuusinen "government" barely set foot on Finnish territory, in the border town of Terioki. But Molotov, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, without cracking a smile, pointed to this imaginary puppet regime as a valid excuse for rebuffing the intervention of the League of Nations in the Soviet-Finnish War. Thwarted in all attempts at investigation and mediation, the Council of the League, on December 14, 1939, reached the eminently logical conclusion that "by its own actions the Soviet Union has expelled itself from the League of Nations."

The Finns defended themselves with a courage and skill and spirit of national solidarity that amazed the world. But the odds of forty to one were too great. Some thousands of Swedish volunteers came to the help of the Finns and Great Britain and France sent supplies and munitions. All this was inadequate. By March of 1940 the Soviet forces had broken through the Finnish defensive positions on the Isthmus of Karelia and had reached Viipuri.

Prospects of aid from the West were not sufficiently encouraging to warrant a continuation of hostilities that might have led to Soviet occupa-

tion of Helsinki and other large towns. The Finnish Government signed the harsh terms of the Treaty of Moscow, which deprived Finland of the Karelian Isthmus and all the shore of Lake Ladoga, gave the Soviet Union a thirty-year lease on Hangö, a naval base in southwestern Finland, and transferred to Russia other territory in the northern part of Finland.

Altogether about 10 percent of Finland's territory was lost, together with the historic city of Viipuri. About 450,000 Finns lived in the area which was ceded to Russia. In one of the most impressive informal plebiscites of modern history they moved voluntarily and en masse into the shrunken part of Finland. Practically none chose to remain under Soviet rule.

III. Between Two Wars

Finland's situation after this war was as precarious as Czechoslovakia's after it lost all its strategic defenses as a result of the capitulation of Munich. Both the artificial defense of the Mannerheim Line and the natural barrier of Lake Ladoga were lost.

Molotov and other Soviet officials pursued a consistent policy of bullying and pinpricks. A fifth column, in the form of a so-called Society for Peace and Friendship between Finland and the Soviet Union, was organized with the active sponsorship of the Soviet diplomatic and consular representatives. The Soviet diplomatic and consular staff in Finland more than doubled in size and some of its mem-



bers were obvious specialists in espionage rather than in diplomacy.

All sorts of demands were pressed on Finland that had not been stipulated in the Treaty of Moscow. Among these were the demilitarization of the Aaland Islands, in the Baltic Sea, under Russian control, the surrender of rollingstock beyond the amount specified in the treaty, the cession of the Valenkoski Rapids, a source of power on the Finnish side of the frontier. Molotov arrogantly interfered in Finnish internal affairs by pronouncing certain possible candidates in the Finnish presidential election as unacceptable from the Soviet standpoint. (See the official *Blue-White Book of Finland*, pp. 82-83.)

The Soviet Union in July 1940, demanded and obtained from Finland

the right to run its own trains across Southern Finland, carrying soldiers and munitions to the garrison at Hangö. It was by appealing to this precedent that Germany obtained the right to despatch troops through Finland to Northern Norway. There is strong reason to believe that, when Molotov paid his visit to Hitler in Berlin, in November 1940, he demanded a free hand in Finland. Had this demand been granted, Finland in all probability would have been swallowed up outright by the Soviet Union, as Czechoslovakia was swallowed up by Germany.

IV. *The Second Soviet-Finnish War*

It is in the light of this constant mortal Soviet threat to Finland's national existence that the subsequent limited Finnish military cooperation with Germany should be understood and judged. One might fairly compare the Finnish position with the Czech. Finns and Czechs are both small peoples, exposed to the rapacity of powerful predatory neighbors. If the Czechs now look to the Soviet Union for liberation from Germany it does not mean that the Czechs have gone totalitarian or wish to set up a communist regime in their own territory. In the same way Finland's utilization of the situation created by the Soviet-German war in no sense implied Nazi or totalitarian sympathies on the part of the Finns, who have always looked to the West, to Scandinavia, to Great

Britain and to the United States for their cultural contacts.

It may be said with certainty that Finland would never have entered the war if it had not been for the unprovoked aggressive attack of the Soviet Union in 1939, an attack denounced by free public opinion all over the world. The Finns would have been more than human if they had not breathed a sigh of relief when the threat of Soviet invasion was relaxed by the German attack on Russia, if they had not cherished hope that territory which was indisputably Finnish and which had been taken away by force would return to Finland as a result of the Soviet-German conflict.

But in the second Soviet-Finnish War, as in the first, the Soviet Union was the aggressor. This important fact is not so well known in the United States as it should be. Yet there is the testimony of an unimpeachable source: a State Department press release of December 18, 1941. Summing up the chronology of the year 1941 this release notes for June 22:

Germany invades the Soviet Union; the latter raids Finland; Hitler's speech and Ribbentrop's statement on declaration of war against the Soviet Union. (New York Times, June 23, 1941, pp. 1:8; 4:2. My italics.)

There was an interval of four days between the German attack on the Soviet Union and the Finnish participation in the war. During this period there were Soviet air attacks on the Åland Islands, on the Finnish towns of Åbo and Willmansstrand, on the

Malm airdrome, near Helsinki. All Finnish attempts to obtain explanations of these hostile actions were met with silence. When the Soviet military action began to assume the proportions of a general offensive the Finnish Government, recognizing no alternative, announced that the country was taking up arms in a second defensive war on June 26.

As the United States became more closely associated with the Soviet Union in the coalition against Nazi Germany it was a natural and legitimate objective of American diplomacy to attempt to induce Finland to quit the war. Unfortunately American diplomatic representatives were not able to employ arguments that could have reasonably been expected to influence the decision of the Finnish Government.

Had the American Government, with Soviet consent and authorization, been able to offer Finland at any time a peace settlement based on restoration of the 1939 frontier (a frontier agreed on in voluntary negotiation between the Soviet and Finnish Governments and confirmed by the Soviet-Finnish non-aggression pact of 1939), backed up by some international guaranties, then the Finnish Government could have been rightly accused of obstinacy and bad judgment in refusing to accept such a settlement. But America was never in a position to make such an offer.

Sumner Welles, then Under-Secretary of State, hinted to the Finnish Minister in Washington, Mr. Hjalmar

Procopé, on August 18, 1941, that the Soviet Government would be disposed to discuss a new treaty with Finland which would involve territorial concessions. But, when the Finnish Minister pressed him for more details, Mr. Welles was unable to go beyond this extremely vague formula. There is no record anywhere of a specific Soviet offer to conclude peace with Finland on the basis of the 1939 frontier. The Finnish armies reoccupied the territory lost after the war of 1939-40 and pushed a short distance into Soviet Karelia, where they now hold a strategic defensive line between the two large lakes of that area, Ladoga and Onega. This front has been inactive for more than two years.

The President of the Finnish Republic informed the United States Minister in Helsinki that Finland would continue her war against the Soviet Union only until her security and peace had been achieved. In a note to Great Britain on October 6, 1941, the Finnish Government declared: "Finland wages her defensive war free from all political obligations, but grateful that she need not this time fight alone."

V. The Recent Peace Negotiations

Finland gave convincing proof that it was not a puppet in the hands of Germany when it took the initiative in opening peace negotiations with the Soviet Union in February 1944. The former Finnish Foreign Minister,

Juho Paasiviki, got in touch with Soviet representatives in Stockholm and obtained Soviet-proposed terms for an armistice. These terms included the breaking off of relations with Germany, the internment of German troops in Finland, the restoration of the frontier of 1940, with postponement of consideration of the questions of reparations, demobilization of the army and the disposition of Finland's port on the Arctic Ocean, Petsamo, for later negotiations.

The Finnish Diet, by a vote of 105 to 80 (an impossible kind of vote for a totalitarian country), supported the Government in its attitude of continuing negotiations, while recognizing that these original terms were harsh and, in some details, impossible of execution. After some further exchanges between the two governments two Finnish Government representatives, Paasiviki and Enckell, went to Moscow and discussed the question of peace with Foreign Commissar Molotov and his deputy, Dekanozov. About the end of March the Soviet Government laid down six conditions, expressed in more specific and concrete terms than the proposals which had been advanced at Stockholm. The essential provisions of these presumably final Soviet terms were as follows:

Internment of the German troops and withdrawal of Finnish troops to the border of 1940 were to be completed by the end of April. Soviet war prisoners and civilians were to be sent back to Russia; there would be a reciprocal release of Finnish prisoners if the

armistice should be followed by a peace treaty. Half of the Finnish army was to be demobilized during May and it was to be reduced to peace strength during June and July. An indemnity of 600,000,000 American dollars was to be paid in kind over a period of five years. Petsamo was to be ceded to the Soviet Union.

Contrary to propaganda rumors which had apparently emanated in advance from Soviet sources, these terms represented no improvement over the Stockholm proposals. And Finnish public opinion was virtually unanimous in regarding some of the conditions as not only unjust, but physically impossible to implement. It was beyond the power of the Finnish Army leadership to effect an internment of the German troops or to withdraw by the end of April to the 1940 border.

An indemnity of \$600,000,000 probably seems small at first glance to the average American, accustomed to think in terms of billions. But the exorbitant character of this demand can be recognized if it is considered that Finland's entire national income during the peak years before the war never reached this figure. *The sum for Finland would be roughly the equivalent of one hundred and twenty billion dollars for the United States*; and no American would regard such an indemnity, to be paid to a country that had twice attacked America as something to be lightly accepted.

It is also to be remembered that Finland's exports during the decade

1930-39 averaged \$110,000,000 a year. And it was only through these exports that the country could obtain essential foodstuffs and raw materials from abroad. The diversion of all Finland's exports, over a period of five years, to the Soviet Union without compensation would involve a catastrophic decline in the standard of living.

The Soviet peace terms were rejected by a unanimous vote of the Finnish Diet. A people that had courageously defended its independence in two wars was not prepared to sign the warrant for its national enslavement and perhaps extinction.

War is a rough game. There is a famous Latin saying: *Propter vitam perdere causas vivendi* (For the sake of life to lose the reasons for living.) One might paraphrase this saying to read: For the sake of victory to abandon the principles that make victory worth while. When a staunch ally, Poland, is sacrificed on the altar of expediency and power politics there can be little consideration for a brave small democracy that found itself on the wrong side in the war through a series of tragic accidents of history and geography. A breach of relations with Finland may have occurred before this article can appear.

If the American people were totalitarian robots, they would be capable of exalting the Finns to the skies one day and consigning them to the lowest circle of the Inferno the next, in obedience to the shifting policies of their government. Fortunately a democratic people cannot be so com-

pletely chloroformed in its capacity for thoughtful discrimination, although there are dangerous trends in that direction as the instincts for reason, justice and fair play become frayed under the stresses and tensions of a climactic phase in the war.

The treatment meted out to Finland in the peace settlement will be an acid test of the reality of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms. No technical step of conventional unfriendliness which war exigencies may require can erase from the memory of Americans the splendid tribute which Winston Churchill, leader of a fighting Britain at bay, paid to the Finns who were fighting for freedom, at odds of forty to one:

Only Finland — superb, nay sublime, in the jaws of peril — Finland shows what free men can do. The service rendered by Finland to mankind is magnificent. . . . We cannot tell what the fate of Finland may be, but no more mournful spectacle could be presented to what is left of civilized mankind than that this splendid Northern race should be at last worn down and reduced to servitude worse than death by the dull brutish force of overwhelming numbers. If the light of freedom which still burns so brightly in the frozen North should be finally quenched, it might well herald a return to the Dark Ages, when every vestige of human progress during two thousand years would be engulfed.

It would be a bitter irony for Finland, for Great Britain and for the world if Winston Churchill should find himself compelled by circumstances to contribute to the realization of the prediction so forcefully expressed in these last two sentences.

► *Unprecedented economic power
in the hands of one official.*

THE NEARLY ANONYMOUS CROWLEY

BY ROBERT L. RIGGS

THOSE who argue that Mr. Roosevelt, for all his tirades against economic royalism, is at heart a conservative point to certain hard-headed businessmen in his official family. During the first burst of the New Deal, a Harry Hopkins was permitted to pass out the millions. Later Henry Wallace and his man Friday, Milo Perkins, were given a lot of monetary rope. But sooner or later the President turns to conservative executives and negotiators for the handling of big money.

So far as the public is concerned, Jesse Jones serves as exhibit number one in this connection, but for people closer to the Washington picture the most impressive exhibit is Leo Thomas Crowley. Few men in all American history have had so much economic power concentrated in their hands as this tall, handsome, soft-spoken and somewhat austere Irishman, born in Milton Junction, Wisconsin, fifty-three years ago.

He holds jurisdiction over all economic transactions by our government

abroad and almost dictatorial authority over private business deals with foreign countries anywhere in the world. As head of the Foreign Economic Administration, he has so many of the public's dollars at his disposal, that even Jesse Jones' vast empire in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation seems a peanut stand by comparison. In addition, Crowley has had two other jobs which are not exactly chicken feed. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which he has headed since 1934, and still heads, is a 700 million dollar affair. As Alien Property Custodian, a post he assumed with the outbreak of the war, and retained for nine months along with the F.E.A. post, he was responsible for property valued at 600 millions, plus some 40,000 patents. The Office of Economic Warfare, successor to the Wallace-Perkins Board of Economic Warfare, is only one horse in the Crowley stable called the Foreign Economic Administration. A few others are the Lend-Lease Administration, which he took over when its

ROBERT L. RIGGS is a native of Missouri and was graduated from the College of Arts and Science and the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri. For two years he was with the Associated Press in Madison, Wisconsin, and for the past fifteen years he had been on the staff of the Louisville Courier-Journal, where he was assistant managing editor when he took over that paper's Washington bureau two years ago.

previous administrator, Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., went over to the State Department; the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation, headed by Governor Herbert Lehman; and the State Department's Office of Economic Coordination.

Yet it is only in the past year that Leo Crowley, who has been in Washington among the mighty for a full decade, has begun to "make" the front pages, and even today he is less known to the great public than a score of officials who do not have a tithe of his power and influence. This is not due to shyness but to a deliberate policy. He has tried, and for the most part succeeded, in keeping his name in the background — and he has grown in official stature while so many other members of the Roosevelt Administration, who caused an enormous stir in the press in their day, faded into nothingness.

"The desire for publicity," he says with a certain quiet satisfaction, "is a mistake for fellows in government."

Crowley's formula, briefly, is: to perform your duties to the best of your abilities and mind your own business. He has never intruded on any of the public brawls in the capital. If he has taken sides, in his own mind, in the duels of ideologies, no one has ever found out what that side is. He has devoted himself so assiduously to being the best and most anonymous administrator in the government that his performance has become a legend among those who know government affairs at close range. They agree with

the President who, in appointing Crowley to his present job on September 26, 1943, described him as "one of the best administrators in or out of the government."

There is another key to Crowley's steady rise in the official hierarchy. In all the top officialdom, only he and Jesse Jones know how to get along with Congress. Crowley's courtship of Congress has in it more than calculation. Unique among New Dealers, he has a deep-seated faith in the legislature as a democratic institution, for all its faults. "I believe in the democratic form of government," he told a visitor recently. "I believe that if you leave Congressmen alone they will do what is best for the public interest, whether you agree with them at the moment or not." Never once has a Congressman bothered him for patronage, he has said. "In fact, I've led a charmed life in Washington."

But getting along with Congress is just one part of his capacity for getting along with people generally. In his philosophy it probably figures as efficiency rather than kindness. Without ever hurling a knife in the direction of Cordell Hull, he has gathered to himself far more authority in foreign affairs since he became Foreign Economic Administrator, than Vice-President Wallace ever had during the days when the Secretary of State was accusing the Board of Economic Warfare of poaching on his preserves. Crowley makes it a point to confer with Hull frequently and never fails

to make public acknowledgment that his economic agencies must conform to State Department policies. All the same, he runs those agencies pretty much as he pleases.

It was because of a public brawl that Crowley the non-brawler got his present assignment. Wallace, spurred on by Perkins, lashed out at Jones in disputes about jurisdiction in foreign economic affairs. Roosevelt thereupon took from both Jones and Wallace the power they jointly held and placed it all in Crowley's hands. Crowley's method of ridding himself of Perkins is a typical illustration of the way he operates. He didn't want to fire Perkins if there was any likelihood that the President would be annoyed. At his suggestion, therefore, a reporter asked Roosevelt at a regular press conference whether Perkins was to remain in office. The President replied that Crowley would decide that. Crowley did — a few hours later Perkins was out.

II

Crowley is a big man physically: six feet tall and over 180 pounds in weight. He carries himself erectly and is light on his feet. His most conspicuous feature is a waving mane of snow-white hair. He has friendly blue eyes under salt-and-pepper eyebrows, a rather thin mouth set in a full, heavy-jowled face. Most of the time he wears rimless glasses. Always he is groomed flawlessly, though in restrained taste; his well fitting blue

or grey double-breasted suits are still made by his home-town tailor in Madison, Wisconsin.

There is a touch of the benign in his looks, to which the white hair, a soft, Midwestern voice and a relaxed, unhurried atmosphere contribute. But his career, in private and public business alike, is sufficient proof that there is granite under the beguiling externals. He has made good without too many of the accessories of high-powered success.

His reputation for competent administration, for instance, certainly does not rest on long office hours or showy industriousness. It is a rare occasion when Crowley, despite the staggering total of his duties and influence, fails to get away from his desk in the spacious offices of the National Press Building by 5:30 P.M. When he took on the Foreign Economic Administration, Perkins warned him that he would have to work eighteen hours a day. He has done nothing of the sort. The additional burdens have not upset his calm, self-disciplined regimen. He still gets his eight hours of sleep every night. He is still in bed by ten, even if he has to depart earlier than others from big-wig social or political gatherings.

As a rich, powerful and good-looking bachelor, Crowley could have the dizziest of social lives. But such activity apparently does not tempt him. It would cut too deeply into austere tastes and into a distinct preference for a few intimate friends over the miscellaneous Washington parties. He

is a "confirmed bachelor" in the true sense of the phrase, channeling his personal affections to his large family of brothers, sisters and assorted nieces and nephews. He calls one or another of his sisters — two of them are living at home in Madison, two others elsewhere in Wisconsin — from Washington almost every day.

Crowley's personal life might be described as that of a Catholic Puritan. He used to smoke cigars until sinus trouble led him to give them up. Though he does not drink himself, he serves liquor to guests in his pleasant apartment at the Mayflower Hotel. His chief personal indulgence, aside from good clothes, is a quiet card game — poker, gin rummy or bridge — for modest stakes with a few friends.

Small wonder therefore that there has never been a touch of scandal about this man. There are no "fire-works," personal or political, in his story or personality. There is, indeed, a kind of muted drama in the solemn dedication of Leo Crowley to efficiency and accomplishment — in the focussing of his talents and energies to the one purpose of getting ahead. He has turned down opportunities — he resisted the President's efforts to make him chairman of the Democratic Party, for instance — but only because they would have diverted him from his own blueprint for himself.

The fact is that throughout most of his fifty-three years Crowley has been fired with the urge to get ahead. The chairmanship of a political party

seemed to him a dangerous detour from his main course, which is the highroad of economic achievement and influence. For one thing, a political office of that character would have made it necessary for him to resign as chairman of the Standard Gas & Electric Company.

The job with Standard Gas, incidentally, is the only thing which Crowley's detractors — and he has some in Wisconsin — have been able to pick on thus far. He took on the utilities job in 1939, still holding on to his post in the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Last year Standard paid him \$64,000. However, he took himself off the government payroll as soon as he went to work for Standard. The law required that he receive \$10,000 a year as head of the FDIC; Crowley paid the taxes on this income and returned the balance to the Treasury.

There had been some eyebrow lifting because he headed official agencies while drawing an income from private business; such mutterings as there were did not grow louder only because it was so generally recognized that he was giving satisfactory service in his public offices. However, when he was designated Foreign Economic Administrator he took the precaution of obtaining a leave of absence from Standard. This was in no sense a contradiction of his urge to get ahead. He knows that many jobs carrying fabulous salaries will be open to him if he comes out of his present multifarious activities with a good record.

Asked recently about his personal plans he replied at once: "I want to retire to private business. I hope to do this as soon as the German phase of the war is over, if the President will let me."

III

Leo Crowley is a fair sample of rugged individualism, American style; notwithstanding his New Deal associations. The instinct of self-advancement was born in him under the goad of necessity. His parents were Irish immigrants and his father's earnings as a railroad worker needed a lot of stretching to take care of eight children. Leo was the third of the Crowley brood. He might have prepared himself for the priesthood, as his parents planned, had it not been that his father died, leaving young Leo with the greatest share of the responsibility for providing for the large family.

Shortly before the elder Crowley died, the family had moved from Milton Junction to Madison, which is Wisconsin's capital and seat of the University of Wisconsin. But economic pressure kept Leo from continuing his formal education beyond high school. While still in his teens, he went to work in a local grocery store. Before he was twenty he moved on to a job as salesman for the General Paper and Supply Company, a firm which made all sorts of novelties and gadgets. Leo was mature for his age; already his hair was turning white,

so that he worked with and was accepted as a contemporary by men twice his age.

In due course, he bought control of General Paper and Supply. It was not a big concern, but it was prosperous in a small-city fashion. He bought stock in the First National Bank of Madison. He made some money in the stock market, that being in the lush days of the 1920's, and in the latter part of that decade he entered the banking business. First, he was chairman of the board of the First National Bank of Madison. Then he and some associates bought the Bank of Wisconsin, also located at Madison, and Crowley became its president. Chain banking was sweeping the country, and Crowley and his associates sold the Bank of Wisconsin to Wisconsin Bankshares. The same chain also bought the First National Bank. After these transactions, Crowley went to work for the chain as purchaser of other banks in Wisconsin.

The poor Irish boy had come a long way. He was rated as a millionaire. He was an influential member of the Madison community, an extremely eligible bachelor who managed to keep on being a bachelor. He was an important lay figure in his church. For his part in building a new hospital, the Pope made him a Knight of St. Gregory. He was ambitious, but his ambitions, always practical, centered on the step ahead.

It never occurred to him to picture himself as an influential figure in his national government. Certainly, he

had no dreams about making America over. His political philosophy, if he had any, was a mildly liberal humanitarianism. He was a sort of Community Chest liberal, always willing to dig into his pocket to help feed and clothe the poor of Madison, or to build a hospital for them. But he never questioned the American economic set-up or favored anything remotely related to state socialism.

In political matters Crowley was scarcely on the outskirts during most of the 1920's. Like so many Irish, he was a Democrat. Before 1932, Wisconsin's political battles were waged solely between two factions within the Republican Party, the conservatives on one side and the La Follette Progressives on the other. The only function of the Democratic Party was to provide delegates to the national convention. Democrats in Wisconsin were in much the same position as are Republicans in Mississippi, except that they suffered no social stigma. Their Republican neighbors not only tolerated them, but also made constant overtures to them. The La Follette faction called upon liberal Democrats to vote with them, and the regular Republicans pleaded with the conservative Democrats to help save the state from radicalism.

As a resident of the capital city, Crowley had frequent contacts with state government. His humanitarian impulses led him into active participation in social welfare movements fostered by the Progressives. He served on a commission which studied the

Small Loans Law, designed to curb loan sharks. But his chief activity in party affairs was confined to the city of Madison, which elected a Democratic mayor every now and then. His first venture into the larger field of politics did not come until 1928, when the Democrats and some Progressive Republicans strove earnestly, but in vain, to carry Wisconsin for Alfred E. Smith.

Before 1932 came around, Crowley had lined up with James A. Farley as a supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt. In order to strengthen the Roosevelt ticket, Crowley persuaded the mayor of Madison, Al G. Schmedeman, to be the Democratic candidate for Governor. Schmedeman had been Minister to Norway in the Woodrow Wilson administration. Neither he nor anyone else took seriously his race for Governor. Wisconsin had not had a Democratic chief executive for forty years. The Democrats' only purpose was to get out as many Roosevelt votes as possible. But Philip F. La Follette, who was Governor in 1932, had lost the Republican nomination to Walter J. Kohler, the bathtub manufacturer, who had served one term previously. La Follette threw his support to the Democratic state and national tickets. To Schmedeman's utter horror, he found himself elected Governor of Wisconsin in the Roosevelt landslide.

Some equally strange things happened to the state legislature. In order to have a full legislative ticket, the Democrats had chosen their candidates by devices not far removed

from that of picking names out of a hat. As a result, they sent to the legislature many men who had no knowledge of or interest in public affairs.

The unhappy Schmedeman called on Crowley for help. During most of the Schmedeman administration, Crowley virtually was Governor of Wisconsin, although he retained his position of obscurity. His strange assortment of Democratic legislators controlled the lower house. In the Senate, eight Democrats held the balance of power between Progressive and conservative Republicans. It was then that Crowley acquired training that has made him one of the most successful members of the executive branch in dealing with Congress.

Among other things, the governor heaved into his lap the problem of failing banks and Crowley organized and headed the Wisconsin Banking Board of Review. These activities made it necessary for Crowley to visit Washington frequently and brought him into close contact with Henry Morgenthau.

In the fall of 1933, Morgenthau, who then headed the Farm Credit Administration, made Crowley head of the regional FCA office at St. Paul. His chief job was to get money flowing to the farmers, and he made a good record at it. Early in 1934, Walter J. Cummings, who was the

first head of the FDIC, went to Chicago as head of the Continental-Illinois Bank & Trust Company. Morgenthau by that time was in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. It was at his suggestion that the President appointed Crowley to succeed Cummings. The rest is New Deal and World War II history, for whatever happens to the Roosevelt Administration this November, Crowley's solid, unspectacular achievements will figure on the credit side in any accounting of this period.

Crowley has not been a meteor in the political heavens. He has "built up" slowly, surely, on the whole quietly. As a source of exciting news or spiced gossip he is practically a dead loss to the local scribes and hostesses. The word "able" somehow fits him more snugly than dollar adjectives like "brilliant" or "high-powered." What, then, is the secret of his indubitable success? Nearly every writer and observer in the capital has, at one time or another, sought for an answer and not one of them has produced one.

Perhaps there is no answer because there is no secret. Crowley's effectiveness is the product of such familiar if rare ingredients as character, intelligence, clean living and concentration on the job in hand. Maybe the copybook mottoes had something after all.



► *War will leave deep marks
on our higher education.*

COLLEGES IN POSTWAR AMERICA

BY HARRY WOODBURN CHASE

WHAT sort of higher education shall we see in America after the war? That is a question which engages today the minds of a great many people, both within and without the circle of professional educators, for it is obviously of very high importance to the future of the American people. It is impossible to discuss postwar education without first saying a few things about our system of higher education as it had come to be in the years before the war.

The increase in the educational advantages enjoyed by American youth in the last twenty-five years is surprising. For example, the typical American soldier today has something more than a tenth grade education, an increase of more than four years of formal education over that of the soldier in the last war. And just as startling is the increase in the proportion of soldiers who have gone to college or even finished their college courses — a proportion which has increased threefold over the army of World War I.

This is an extraordinary achievement for any people in a single genera-

tion. Let us look a little more closely at what has happened. When we entered the war there were, all told, about 1700 institutions of many sorts open to high school graduates. These included universities, colleges of liberal arts, teachers colleges, junior colleges, technical and vocational schools in great variety. Some of these were new creations since 1920, others had enormously increased in enrollment during that period. By and large, the growth was not in the relatively small numbers of privately controlled "prestige institutions," many of which limited their admissions sharply. It was rather in the state and municipal universities, or those serving urban areas, in the teachers colleges, junior colleges, technical schools, and in many small liberal arts colleges throughout the country. Higher education was reaching out to sections of our youth that had never felt its appeal before. More and more did college students become a veritable cross section of our population, of all races and creeds and at almost every financial level. The great majority of college students did not have college-bred parents; they

HARRY WOODBURN CHASE has been chancellor of New York University since 1933. Before that he was president of the University of North Carolina and the University of Illinois. He has also taught psychology at Clark University and the University of North Carolina.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were the first generation to come into contact with higher education.

Interestingly enough, the only comparable developments in Europe, and those on a smaller scale, were happening in England and in Russia. In England, university students grew in numbers, but it was not at Oxford and Cambridge, but in universities like those of London, of Birmingham, and the other "provincial" universities that the bulk of this growth occurred. Oxford and Cambridge were changing steadily, not so much in numbers, but in the increasingly representative character of their student bodies, perhaps half of whom had come to be supported in whole or in part by scholarship aids. In Russia there is reported to have been an increase of 600 per cent in enrollment in higher educational institutions since the revolution.

In this country, the whole complex of institutions open to high school graduates had come to enroll something over a million and a quarter young men and women in any given year. In spite of criticisms that too many students were going to college, in spite of prosperity with abundant jobs, and of depression with decreased financial resources, growth went on and on. It did not begin to show signs of falling off, indeed, until our whole life was being increasingly dislocated in the months preceding our entrance into the war. It had lasted long enough to establish itself as nothing accidental and temporary, but as a permanent trend reaching into practically every

section of our society. As such it was developing the most highly trained and best educated citizenship that any nation has ever known. It was becoming clear that in our complex life, the advantage was more and more with the educated man. Longer training was required for the older professions, and university training spread to include altogether new areas, such as training on the higher levels for business life.

What had resulted from all this was a social situation as American as the assembly line, to which, indeed, some of its critics unflatteringly compared it. It was, obviously, a confused situation. It was too new to be otherwise. Within the colleges and universities themselves there was division about it. Some clung to traditional curricula and concepts, and sought to change the trend rather than to adapt the colleges to new types of students. Others went so far as practically to wipe out any pattern of entrance requirements, provided only that there was evidence of successful high school graduation. For undergraduates the swing was away from extreme freedom in the selection of courses toward concentration in some few subjects in the last two collegiate years, but there was still such freedom of choice that a faculty member of a large state university could remark a few years ago that "the only subjects absolutely required here for the bachelor's degree are Freshman English and military training."

Two sharply contrasting educa-

tional philosophies had emerged. The one, stemming from the teachings of John Dewey, originated the progressive school. Its influence has been widely felt in the elementary school, somewhat less in the high school, and, except for a few experimental colleges, has affected very little the prevailing practice at the higher level. To put its teaching very inadequately, it takes as its center the individual in action, and attempts to guide that activity into useful channels through the development of interest rather than through the imposition of discipline.

The other and more recent attempt to formulate a philosophy of education is more directly concerned with the university. This school is headed by President Hutchins of the University of Chicago. Briefly, it holds that, before specialization in the university begins, there is a common content of educational material which should be taught to everybody, everywhere, that is essentially concerned with knowing how to use the essential tools of learning, and with giving discipline to the mind. It maintains that effective reading, for example, is not usually properly mastered. Hence, one of the leading figures of this school has written a book about how to read books. The doctrines of this school have been ably and forcefully presented, but to date they have gained more adherence without than within the ranks of college professors.

What has gone on in the American college has resulted more from the

slow modification of educational tradition than from any sort of coherent educational philosophy. Too sudden or too wide departures from the usual pattern have not been welcomed by the members of what (some public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding) is essentially a conservative profession.

II

This is not the time to discuss in detail what the war is doing to American colleges and universities. They have suffered perhaps more heavily than any of our social and economic institutions. Their able-bodied male students of draft age have disappeared save for those in uniform at work on preparation for tasks essential for the Army and Navy, and for small civilian groups deferred to complete courses in essential areas such as engineering. Their faculties have been depleted by the departure of man after man for service with the armed forces or with government agencies. For those in uniform, except in fields like medicine and dentistry, the courses and the content of the courses is largely prescribed, especially by the Army. The work is intense and directed to specific military needs, the hours long, and leisure scant. The emphasis on science and mathematics is heavy.

There has been a great stimulation in the entrance of women to college, and a surprising maintenance of interest in college on the part of young men under draft age who are eligible

for entrance. The first grew in part, at any rate, out of economic circumstances. Since college attendance for boys of draft age is possible only in exceptional conditions, families have more funds for the education of girls. So far as the boys are concerned the sense of urgency to get as much education as possible before entrance into military service argues well for the postwar future of the colleges.

But the plight of many of them as the war goes on is increasingly serious. Financial problems due to sharply reduced enrollments are, with some of them, major headaches. The year-round basis of operation of many institutions and departments cannot be indefinitely maintained without injurious results. Teaching standards are suffering from the depletion of faculties, to the extent that in numerous institutions men find themselves teaching subjects they never taught before.

It is a fact, to the everlasting credit of the colleges, that they have not sought to save themselves at the expense of the war effort. Just after Pearl Harbor, at a great national meeting at Baltimore, they pledged their full cooperation in the war effort, and that pledge they are magnificently keeping. But they do possess an enduring faith in themselves, and in the ideals of American life for which they stand. They know that, once the war is over, they will be called on for great efforts, and for those they are preparing.

And, meantime, within the armed

forces themselves education still goes on. For one thing, the amount of technical training which it is necessary to give men who develop into specialists in modern warfare is enormous and widespread. Branches of applied science, developed only yesterday, must be mastered. Phases of medical science grow very swiftly in time of war. And, at the lower levels, there is necessary a large amount of technical training of many sorts.

In addition, there has been developed the Armed Forces Institute. This, with its headquarters at Madison, Wisconsin, and with branches being established throughout the world, is a joint enterprise of the Army and the Navy. It has two main functions. First, it gets materials for the continuance of formal education at all levels into the hands of members of the armed forces. This it does where possible through correspondence courses, and, otherwise, through self-teaching devices. Registration in these courses has mounted by leaps and bounds.

Even on Guadalcanal, after the first months of fighting were over, there were several thousand enrollments. Men with leisure time in the overseas bases are greatly interested in such opportunities. Scores of colleges are offering correspondence courses through the Institute.

In addition, plans are being made for the education of soldiers in the interval between the cessation of hostilities and demobilization. Modern armies cannot be demobilized

over night. After the last war, plans at the college level were hastily improvised, centering upon the attendance of men still in uniform at a few European universities. Such a solution will not again be practicable. In consequence, far-reaching plans to meet those needs by instruction within the Army itself are now under way, plans which it is possible may have a long-continuing influence on the liberal arts colleges of America. It would be premature at this time to discuss these plans. Suffice it to say that they are general and comprehensive in character, and the educational advisers who are at work upon them are concerned that, once they are put into operation, they will be of value not only to the Army, but also in helping to define the scope and content of the first two years of college work more coherently than has hitherto been done.

This brings me to the second task of the Armed Forces Institute. It is preparing — indeed, it has already begun — to evaluate the educational experience of men in the armed forces in terms which will permit the schools and colleges to give appropriate credit for them. After the last war there was great pressure on the colleges and the professional schools to give credit for any service. Such credit at times went to quite unwarranted extremes, to the subsequent disadvantage of many individuals who temporarily profited by such laxness. This time, several hundred colleges and universities, acting

under the leadership of the American Council on Education, have already agreed to be guided in the giving of credits by the evaluation made by the Armed Forces Institute. To colleges and returning veterans alike, it will be a very great and badly needed service.

For several years after the war, the problem of what to do with these returning men will of necessity have high priority in the minds of educators. They are already hard at work upon it. Yale has just announced that it will operate a special school for them. The educational authorities of New York State are preparing a series of two-year technical institutes above the high school level, as a partial answer to the problem and to the continuing need for technicians in the life of the state. Other institutions are assaying their existing resources, devising new forms of cooperation among their various departments and schools. Professional schools are discussing refresher courses and the general problems of postwar professional education.

A special problem will be created by that considerable group who will not have finished high school, who will want to continue their education, but who, under the stress of war, will have matured altogether too rapidly to go back to the high schools themselves. Some colleges are already considering the establishment of separate classes in which these men can be taught under conditions more nearly suited to their mature needs.

III

And now, what of the permanent postwar effect of all these things? Pre-war patterns will have been sharply dislocated. New kinds of teaching, new kinds of educational experiments, will have been carried out. For example, the intensive training in the oral mastery of foreign languages now being given for the Army in a number of institutions is proving of great interest, and may well have lasting effects on our ideas of the teaching of living languages. The results that will be achieved in the training of physicians whose pre-medical preparation has been sharply cut below that which had come to be customary will be closely scrutinized.

But most important of all, I suspect, will be the changed attitude of faculties themselves. Many of them will undoubtedly question the sanctity of pre-war conceptions of college and university education. Innovations will be more respectable than at any time since the great growth of the colleges began. There will be those who, bewildered and disheartened by the changing scenes, will try their best to return to the familiar ways of the twenties and the thirties. But I believe that the psychology of the situation will be against them, just as it will be against those who will want America to return to the post-armistice years of isolation.

The kind of education that will emerge is not yet by any means clear. But certain things may be predicted

about it with some assurance. So far as liberal education is concerned, there will be, first of all, increased attention to the study of our own institutions. We are not, for many reasons, naturally a historically-minded people. We have been concerned more with the present and the future than with the past. We have too much forgotten the great foundations of our own American structure; we have neglected the study of our own civilization. In this we have been mistaken, especially in those areas in which large groups of students come from families of recent foreign origin. The South has probably, for obvious reasons, been more deeply concerned with its own history than has any other section of the country. But here again the emphasis has been sectional, and it must everywhere be national. That curious sense of defeatism about our own institutions so prevalent in intellectual circles in recent pre-war years might conceivably not have been so marked had our colleges given more attention to their gradual evolution toward more widespread democratic practices. Educated men and women must know more about the building of our own civilization. If this be nationalism, it is nationalism in a good sense. Knowledge of one's own heritage is an element of good citizenship which, at the college level, has received too little attention.

And, by the same token, educated men and women must be more aware of the international scene. We have

been forced into awareness of the impact of a shrinking world upon our own lives through grim and tragic necessity. From now on, America must live in the world, and in order to do this it must try better to understand it. This, too, is a great future task of liberal education.

Furthermore, especially in the first two years of college, I believe that all signs point to increased prescription of work, to the establishment of a central core of subject matter which will be the property of all educated men and women. For my part, I do not believe, as the Hutchins school contends, that this will be primarily conceived in terms of mental discipline, either of the sort advocated by them or of the once powerful Latin, Greek and mathematics type. I look for it to be rather concerned with subject matters which give the individual increased knowledge of himself, and with more systematic attention to the kind of world to which he, as an individual, is called upon to make adjustment. Naturally, I do not mean by this merely a study of the present. For we can interpret the present only in terms of its evolution from the past. History will be there, and literature, and, I hope, better methods of teaching what science is and what its values to modern thought are for that great majority of students who will not themselves become specialized scientists. In this field our formal education is still woefully lacking.

Again, I expect a growing tendency to introduce, as a part of the four-year

liberal arts course, an admixture of practical subjects designed to equip students for employment in various fields. In the field of adult education, including further educational opportunities for college graduates, great strides had been made in the pre-war generation. While temporarily curtailed by a diversion of interest and by lack of time on the part of the civilian population, there is every reason to suppose that this progress will be resumed and accelerated after the war. It will be both professional and cultural in character. Men and women who have passed their college years will be concerned with the new world in which they live, and will try to find out more about it. In all this, many institutions will find a great and growing field of usefulness.

It would take us too far afield to discuss here impending changes in professional education. Certain things are obvious. In legal education, for example, reforms are already overdue. For one thing, the tremendous growth of administrative bureaus with decisive powers during the last generation brings a host of new problems for the lawyer as well as for the client. In the field of medicine, there is growing concern with problems of the public health, with preventive medicine, and with mental influences on health. The appalling lack of dental care on the part of large percentages of our population has been sharply high-lighted by physical examinations for the armed forces.

In summary, it comes to this: We

had built up before the war an enormous system of higher education, more and more broadly representative in its enrollment of almost every segment of our life. This American system of higher education was slowly evolving to meet the new burdens thrown upon it, but had not yet come to effective adaptation to changed conditions. The war and the immediate postwar period will leave that system in a situation in which faculties have become accustomed to doing new things and working with novel techniques, a situation highly favorable to the establishment of desirable changes with considerable rapidity. What some of these probable changes are, I have tried to indicate. They are changes which naturally are not my own individual ideas alone but those of responsible and thoughtful men at work in the educational world.

And this needs to be added: Unless the social and economic life of

America is radically changed, education above the high school level will be in increasing popular demand. There will be, doubtless, extensions of technical and vocational education, but, barring a complete reversal of public psychology, the liberal arts college with its four-year course leading to the arts degree will continue to command wide popular support. It is an American creation, adapted to our ways of life and thought. It is true that changed economic conditions may throw upon it increased financial burdens, but if it has the intelligence to adapt itself realistically to postwar life and changed educational needs, it will not only survive, it will flourish.

There is no greater guarantee for the future of America as a democracy than the perpetuation and strengthening of such institutions as shall deal with wisdom and foresight with the problems of educating free citizens for the years ahead.



At the Crossroads —

The road to success is to march with others; the road to glory is to march against the others.

— ERNEST HELLO, *The Mediocre Man*.

► *Racial hatred finds its
tribune in Congress:*

RANKIN OF MISSISSIPPI

BY RUSSELL WHELAN

WHENEVER Congressman Samuel Dickstein or Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York stands to address the House of Representatives, a little gray-haired Congressman leaps from his seat on the Democratic side and scurries, with precise ostentation, to a chair hard by the House microphone. There he purses his features into an attitude of furious attention, while other members and occupants of the press gallery frown, or grimace or grin, as their individual feelings dictate. To a few admirers, John E. Rankin of Mississippi has risen again to defend America against the Jews. But most observers see only a bitter old man playing out his string of clownish bigotry in the face of the elected representatives of the people of the United States.

Rankin is the prize anomaly of Congress, a ranting demagogue who nevertheless gets in his share of meritorious legislative licks: a wild-eyed Jew-baiter whose screaming, windmilling, oratorical delivery draws his colleagues from the cloakrooms as does no other attraction on the Floor; a bigot and a throwback and a travesty of a true

democrat, who still seems to a certain Southern mentality the Confederate hero incarnate, forever manning the sainted ramparts of Dixie against the damyankees.

Yes, the fiery little intransigent from Mississippi is a caution and a contradiction, a bundle of sound and fury signifying any number of things. Only the unreconstructed South could have produced him. And only the tolerance of a democracy would put up with him.

Somewhere along the route of his sixty-two years John E. Rankin became convinced of the existence of an international Jew-Communist conspiracy to seize control of the destinies of mankind. His "awakening" seems to have dated from the time that George Sylvester Viereck and William Dudley Pelley were busily telling Congressmen and others the facts of life according to Hitler. These evangels are now guests of the government, but the evil that they did lives after them. It lives and thrives in Rankin's private thoughts and social conversation, and it spouts from his mouth in a lurid stream on the floor of Congress.

RUSSELL WHELAN has been a reporter for the Kansas City Star, the Detroit Free Press and the Cleveland News. His book *The Flying Tigers* was recently published.

Usually, he gets away with it, for many Congressmen are supine, some are occupied elsewhere, and all cherish the rare delights of congressional immunity. But now and then someone talks back, as did Rep. Celler at the end of a foaming tirade by Rankin in which he had sneered at Celler as "this Jewish gentleman from New York." Replied Celler:

He singles me out in a way that shows his distorted point of view, his intolerance, his malice. . . . His cruel and menacing observations are all the more tragic in the light of what is happening to the Jews in Axis-controlled countries. . . . Two million have already perished, four million await death or a slavery worse than death. . . . Never have I heard a word of pity or lament or protest from the gentleman from Mississippi.

For the first time within the memory of the oldest member, John Rankin found himself without an answer.

Although he fought repeal of the Neutrality Act, and is half-convinced, through some diseased logical process, that the Jews somehow got that Jap carrier force to attack Pearl Harbor, Rankin has been vociferously in support of war measures ever since. Rankin doesn't believe that Nazism and Fascism have much to offer to America. No, he is a stickler for the democratic way — the democratic way, approximately, of the Deep South in the brave days of 1862, when there was hardly a Jew in Dixie, when Negroes were bowing and scraping wherever you looked and the dashing Confederates seemed about to chase the damyankees into Hudson's Bay.

Trying to pierce the shell of a man's mind is a precarious business, but Rankin's frothing obsession about Jews invites the experiment. A study of Rankin immediately indicates that his thought processes register in only two shades — black and white. A thing is either wholly evil or entirely OK. He saw the Republicans as unmitigated villains throughout the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era, so he poured his vitriol on them at every opportunity. Franklin D. Roosevelt was a champion of righteousness until about 1935, when Rankin's "black" phase returned and he began to rail and flail at "New Deal bureaucracy." There is never a middle ground for the gentleman from Mississippi.

Rankin dips into history to find fodder for his Jewish obsession, and frequently brings forth amazing "facts." During his feud with Walter Winchell in January he applied the name of "kike" to the columnist and perfumed the pages of the Congressional Record with his definition of the epithet. Adding Drew Pearson and the editors of *PM*, the New York tabloid, to his list, he said:

These fellows seem to be of the old Trotsky faction that got control in Russia shortly after the revolution and have been trying to get the upper hand in this country ever since. . . . Trotsky closed every Christian church, killed preachers and priests, turned their cathedrals into museums, and had a streamer drawn across the front gates of Moscow bearing the legend:

"Religion is the opium of the people . . ."

Stalin is a gentile and Trotsky was a Jew. Stalin was educated for the priest-

hood. The Bible says teach a child the way he should go and "when he is old he will not depart therefrom." It was but natural, therefore, that when Stalin came into power . . . he should open the churches and restore freedom of worship.

Who but John E. Rankin, Southern Methodist, of Tupelo, Mississippi, would have thought of hailing Joe Stalin as "Defender of the Faith"? And who else would have forgotten his previous mouthings about the "Communist-Jewish world plot" to salaam thus before the czar of all the Communists and all the Russians.

II

But then, consistency has never exactly ridden "Silent" John or any other of his stripe when there has been a human tympanum within range. John Rankin came up to Congress in 1920 after four years as prosecuting attorney in his home town of Tupelo, a metropolis of 14,000 people in the hill country of northeastern Mississippi. His people were slave owners and he was reared among ex-slaves, "who treated me with more respect than they would any of those flannel-mouthed reformers."

The hill country was settled in the 1850's by pioneers of Anglo-Saxon blood from the Carolinas, Tennessee, and Kentucky. Few were slaveholders, because although they favored slavery, they couldn't afford it on their unprolific soil. Even today Negroes compose only 15 per cent of the 262,000 population in the First Mississippi

District. They are no problem, no problem at all. "Silent" John speaking:

The Negroes know their place and we know ours. The good Negroes of the South know they will be protected if any trouble arises, and the bad ones know they will be looked after.

Jews and foreign-born in his First Mississippi District total a silent minority of less than 1/2 of one per cent. Neither they nor the Negroes are on record as to their opinion of Rankin as their representative. Negroes do not vote in Mississippi. There is a \$2 poll tax, but that is the lesser deterrent. It is "white man's country." Few of the whites bother to vote, either, only 10,400 of them having given Rankin his latest mandate in 1942. This indifference to the high privilege of suffrage is attributable to ignorance, apathy, poverty and the complicated nature of the poll tax registration requirements.

Thus the First Mississippi District constitutes an aristocracy of solvent white gentiles, remarkable for many things besides its champion in Washington: no more than one per cent of its adults ever attended college; less than a third went to high school and not more than sixty per cent finished grammar school. Fifteen per cent of the whites and twice as many of the Negroes have syphilis. Midwifery is common practise in rural communities, and there, too, the hookworm infests a considerable percentage of every age group. It is a poor land of poor people, constituting a disgrace and a challenge to the United States

of America. Its people simply cannot help themselves, and all of the front-paged anti-Semitism in the world cannot conceivably improve their lot. They may not be politically minded, but they are certainly losing no sleep in fear that the Jewish minions of Moscow and the Bronx are conspiring to seize their arid acres.

Rankin has done well by them. Certainly he did a great deal to put the Tennessee Valley Authority on its feet and to spread the gospel of rural electrification. In 1933, every one in Rankin's district who had electrical service was paying exorbitant rates to private power companies. By 1940 all of these were enjoying the benefits of cheap public power. Thousands of other Americans elsewhere can also thank Rankin for the work he accomplished behind his slogan: "Let's electrify every farm home in America at rates the people can afford to pay."

Since his "freshman" days in 1920 Rankin has worked ably in behalf of bills to benefit the American soldier. As chairman of the Committee on Veterans' Legislation, he led the fight to override the Presidential veto of the bonus bill in 1935. It was Rankin, again, who quietly slid through the legislation which raised base pay in the armed services from \$30 to \$50 a month.

But recently he has come in for considerable heckling in the press and from veterans' organizations for the long delay in reporting the so-called GI Bill of Rights bill out of his com-

mittee. The Senate had passed this bill in a hurry, 49 to 0, but Rankin didn't like its unemployment compensation provisions. He said he was afraid that \$15 a week payments would induce willful idleness on a broad scale. Could it be, his critics asked, that the Mississippian secretly wanted to protect Southern planters and mill owners at the expense of the discharged veteran, who might want more than \$15 a week in wages on which to build his future? Rankin was known to be gagging, also, on the bill's provisions for free education. Could he have been thinking of the dread possibility that the knowledge that is power might come at last to thousands of young Negro men?

John, naturally, has an answer for the Negro problem. There are four possible solutions, he has said: Extermination, deportation, amalgamation and segregation. With genial magnanimity he discards the first two as "impractical." Amalgamation is out, too; it would "mongrelize" the white race. This leaves segregation as the only way. But segregation where? He is vague as to details, but if pressed, will indicate his belief that there are vast stretches of Arizona and New Mexico which would be ideal for the purpose. Negroes, once therein, might even be permitted to enter white territory now and then, for good and sufficient reason, and always providing they could qualify for a passport!

Arizona and New Mexico have not yet been heard from, regarding this. Neither have the defenders of the

Constitution of the United States, among whom John Rankin counts himself a leader although, of course, he will have no truck with its Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

He is fond of the Constitution, within limits. He freely admits that he and several supporters who led the fight for "States' Rights" in connection with the soldier's ballot overcame the most vicious threat to Constitutional liberties since the Supreme Court Reorganization Bill. Certainly Rankin's triumphant assault on the "Federal" ballot did nothing to facilitate soldier voting in 1944.

III

Rankin lives a quiet private life in the Methodist Apartments, near the Senate Office Building in Washington. His wife is on the staff of the World War Veterans Committee of the House. Their daughter, Miss Annie Laurie Rankin, aged twenty-one, is paid a salary by the Committee on World War Legislation, of which her father is chairman.

Rankin works hard. When he is not busy with legislation he reads omnivorously, and he especially relishes poetry of the drum-beating type. The next day he is apt to spring his latest rhymed discovery on his colleagues. Thus, he wound up his climactic speech on soldier voting by a recitation of Henley's *Invictus*, which brought the House and gallery to their collective feet in wild applause. Afterward, a Congressman from New

England was feeling a little foolish about his share in the demonstration.

"I know it was a lousy speech," he confided. "I know it will read like a sixth grade declamation. But that little guy Rankin, he holds the same fascination for me that a big fire does. I hate to think of the waste and destruction, but I simply can't resist the entertainment."

The most active larynx in Congress has indulged itself, in recent months, on a bewildering array of subjects, including:

An attack on Pearl S. Buck "for advocating inter-racial marriages;"

Championship of the "Jim Crow" policy by which the Red Cross segregates Negro contributions to its blood banks;

An "exposé" of a Lincoln's Birthday cocktail party given by Marshall Field in Washington, described by Rankin as such a Lucullan orgy as to embitter thousands who had not been invited;

An immediate follow-up on Field, publisher of the hated *PM*, with the threat that ways would be found to tax Field's \$90,000,000 inheritance sufficiently "to pay a Congressman's salary for 4,000 years;"

A demand that the Marines be sent to Mississippi to quell "Communist agitators trying to stir up the Negro;"

A promise that "we Southern Democrats who held the party together through the long, lean years" would not be run out of the party now, "by all the Frankfurters and all the Hillmans and all the Winchells and all the radicals of the CIO."

Rankin is a study in the histrionics of the gaslight era as he stands to speak, his thin face wearing its perpetually tortured air of consecration to the long crusade against Evil.

During the "stage wait," which gives him time to count the house and allow a few stragglers to gain their seats, a carefully careless hand sweeps back the mop of stringy gray hair. He begins quietly enough, but the microphone and the audience are not deceived. They know their several ears are in for a shellacking. Pretty soon a bony arm is thrust toward the skylight, the strands of the gray mop begin to wave like reeds in a gale, and the chords of the Tupelo calliope are tweaking every solar plexus in the place.

Usually it is a fuming assault on the Administration, or bureaucracy, or PM, or the Jew, or Wall Street, or labor unions. But now and then the Mississippian strays into an affirmative mood, as when he used up \$82 worth of *Congressional Record* space for a proud speech whose grand climax was:

Mr. Speaker, for more than twenty years I have campaigned to have the mocking bird designated the Official Bird of Mississippi.

Success has crowned our efforts.

Rankin has made more speeches devouring more minutes than anyone in Congress. The man is wired for sound, and when he has that microphone before him he is about as fond of interruptions as a tiger with a t-bone. Only the bold or the unwary ever try to get a word in; when they do, he shrieks them into silence with a "You be quiet!" or a barbed and personal remark.

If a foe is speaking against one of Rankin's bills the little man simply

cannot endure the agonies of silence. In a recent debate Congressman Michael J. Bradley of Philadelphia became so irritated that he veered from the issue to stamp on Rankin's pet corn, the poll tax issue.

Instantly Rankin was on his feet, his gray mop bouncing as he screamed:

We do not need any lessons in political morality from any Philadelphia politician. I am reminded that . . . when . . . the Marines were sent to Nicaragua . . . to see that they held an honest election, Senator Norris said: "Why in hell don't they send them to Philadelphia?"

The Mississippi magna-vox is good at such impromptu duelling. He always has a pat answer handy. Well, nearly always. There was the committee clerk who was driven to seething rage by Rankin's wordy flow during a stormy hearing. The chairman pounded for order, and asked the clerk if he had got "all that babel into the record." The clerk nodded. Said the chairman:

"How on earth did you do it? There were five of them talking at once."

"Luckily," said the clerk, "it was during one of Mr. Rankin's brilliant flashes of silence."

But seldom is Rankin licked, either in repartee or in legislation, and seldom is he discomfited. There was, of course, the time an antagonist revealed that Rankin's office had sent to the public printer a letter addressed to every public school in Mississippi, offering a free autographed photograph of Congressman John E. Ran-

kin. Again, his effort to slip in a rider providing a pension for every ex-soldier of the U.S.A. on reaching sixty-five was blocked by the American Veterans Association itself.

"My God!" yelped its spokesman. "This thing would cost the taxpayers five billions a year for just the veterans of the *First World War*."

But such slips are few. For the Final Verdict, we will have to wait for that Last Day when "Silent John" trots noisily to a place near the Celestial "mike" and squints belligerently at the Speaker.

If he is not satisfied that he and the South are receiving a fair shake, then heaven help heaven.



"Another Victory, Admiral?"

AUSTRIANS ARE DIFFERENT

By ALFRED POLGAR

FREDERIC VON SCHILLER, a German by accident of birth, but a cosmopolitan by conviction, wrote:

The Austrian has a native land
And loves it and has reason to love it.

It is true that the Austrian has good reasons for loving his native country, quite aside from the subjective reason that it is *his* country. Nature created a particularly beautiful setting for the Austrian scene. Parts of the Austrian landscape are unique in their combination of charm and grandeur, and the Austrian cities express in their noble buildings the sense of form and delight in beauty characteristic of their inhabitants. The seeds of culture have always struck easy roots in Austria's soil, the arts and sciences have felt comfortable there, and music has been at home in her spiritual climate.

As for the typical Austrian character, it must be said at once that there is no such thing. There are merely a few features common to many Austrians. One of these, their highest common denominator, is a talent for seeing the bright side of existence, a tendency to bear heavy loads lightly. It cannot be denied that this pleasant

quality sometimes has unpleasant aspects, such as a willingness to let matters take their own course; a deliberate ignoring of danger to avoid being disturbed by it; the inertia of the heart, camouflaged as kindness.

Before Austria disappeared in the wolf's jaw of Greater Germany she followed the principle of "Live and let live." The training of her people in the Prussian maxim, "Die and let die," began to make appreciable progress in Austria only after the country, delivered over to starvation and decay by the confused distributors of the world at Versailles, no longer had the will to resist death. Forsaken by heaven and by the earthly powers, that is, the Great Powers, she made a bargain with the devil and in the end was carried away by him.

This would probably have come to pass even if in 1938 all Austrians of good will had fought with as unforgettable courage as the Viennese workers fought in 1934 against the miniature dictator in their own land. What lent a particularly gruesome color to Austria's pilgrimage to hell was that so many of her people set out

ALFRED POLGAR was one of the leading short story writers, essayists and dramatic critics of pre-Hitler Austria. He has been a resident of the United States since 1940.

on it as jubilantly as if they were going straight to paradise. And the spectacle was even more gruesome because the Church gave it her blessing. On March 13, 1938, Cardinal Innitzer concluded his proclamation to the Austrian people with the words "Heil Hitler!" Only forty-eight hours before he would still have said "*Apage satanas!*"

Since that time, those Austrians (perhaps Innitzer among them) who cheerfully hailed their fatal disaster must have realized what arch-idiots they were; and today they must think with sorrow that once they had a native land, which, poor and small as it may have been, they loved and had reason to love.

To "live and let live" is a conception of existence as an opportunity only used to the best advantage if one's fellow-man is given the same opportunity. This very conception draws a sharp line of demarcation between the Austrian and his Teutonic relative. There are so many other sharp lines of demarcation that it is quite justifiable to say that no part of German-speaking Central Europe is so sharply distinguished from the rest, has so completely different a style of living, so completely different an idea of happiness on earth, as the Austrian. The Austrian was a good patriot but his patriotism lacked the deadly ingredient of German patriotism — aggression. The Austrian, as he was before his temporary blackout, abhorred any regimentation or mechanization of life. The "beastly serious-

ness" which the genuine Germans display even when dealing with small shop problems was always alien to his nature. He could sense the comic in pathos, the ridiculous in arrogance, and his native wit was always quickest when its object was his broad-snouted German brother. He liked everything that was stamped with the mark of gracefulness. Informality appealed to him much more than stiffness and affectation. Even the parade step of the Austrian soldier had a special kind of *légèreté*; it differed from the Prussian goosestep as much as wrought iron differs from cast iron.

II

The manner in which the Austrians met life and its demands was determined among other things by their instinctive feeling for life's comedy. Austrians, educated and uneducated, agreed that "all the world's a stage." For this reason it was sometimes said of them, reversing the actual facts, that the stage was their world. In Austria, people took their time even when they had none. They easily interrupted the cycle of work or business in order to live their private lives. This partly explains the so-called Austrian *Gemütlichkeit*, that easy-going sociability, which should not, as the malicious think, be considered merely a product of long indulgence in new wines, apple strudel and literature of the same order.

When the Austrian was drunk he wanted to embrace the whole world;

his German brother in a similar condition wanted to knock it to bits. It is true that in March 1938 and in the years of preparation for that tragic turning point in their fate, the Austrians proved that they, too, could be beasts. The Austrian Nazis did not need to be ordered to commit their abominations against the Jews; they acted from sheer joy in the chance to be uninhibitedly brutal. They seemed to be moved by a kind of sporting ambition to do something out of the ordinary. They were not gloomy torturers; they did not maltreat their victims with "bestly seriousness" but with humorous relish, and they displayed creative imagination in their blend of cruelty and joviality.

Max Reinhardt told me of a friend of his in Vienna, who was visited by the Nazis after the *Anschluss*. They were led to the man's home by a waiter who for many years had eagerly served him in his favorite café. The waiter expressed profuse regrets that he had to do his duty and help to search the house of a highly estimated acquaintance of such long standing. "Don't be angry, Herr Doctor," he said disarmingly, and, shaking the doctor's hand, broke one of his fingers. . . .

Anti-Semitism is an old native product of Austria. But its roots never went very deep and its growth was not luxuriant. It blossomed only when Dr. Lueger, the famous *Burgomeister* of Vienna and the classic exponent of Austrian anti-Semitism, discovered how useful it could be to the reac-

tionaries, at that time the Clericals. Under him the genuinely Austrian species of Jew-hater thrived, a kind of superficial, part-time Jew-hater, who practised anti-Semitism in his political activities and laid it aside in his personal relations. The more poisonous variety of anti-Semitism developed in Austria only after the Germans had begun to foster it.

To the Austrian, the air of the barracks was never that heady oxygen which made breathing a real delight to the "master race." Joy in war, let alone the apotheosis of war, was absolutely against his nature. He wanted more than anything else "to be left in peace" and for that reason was glad to leave others in peace, too.

One result of this quietist attitude was that he distrusted every innovation and resisted the new, even when it was better than the old. In 1809 the Tyroleans fought heroically against Napoleon. According to the Austrian historians they did it because of their loyalty to their beloved hereditary dynasty. According to Heinrich Heine, it was "because they had heard that instead of a gentleman in a white jacket and red trousers they would now be ruled by one in a red jacket and white trousers."

In 1914 the Austrians went into the business of fighting with hardly more enthusiasm than the Czechs, Poles, Italians and Southern Slavs who had been incorporated into the jigsaw puzzle of the monarchy. And their grief at having lost the war was abun-

dantly assuaged by the fact that their defeat gained them a republic. For to be a subject was never the most ardent wish or deepest need of the Austrians, as it was and perhaps still is of the citizens of the Reich. Their sentimental attitude toward Emperor Franz Joseph, "the old gentleman at Schönbrunn," was directed much less to the man and what he represented than to his patina. The barometer of loyalty fell many degrees as soon as it was a younger man's turn to act the monarch incarnate by the grace of God.

Among the cities of Austria there is only one great city, but its name is Vienna, a name in which there is an echo of many voices that had unforgettable things to say to mankind. Americans who have traveled in Austria usually know not only Vienna, but also Salzburg, because of its music festivals. But whatever beautiful and significant things they experienced there — apart from the baroque charm of the city and the magic of its sur-

rounding landscape — were usually only Vienna again, importations from Vienna. The Austrian line in the spectrum of culture is the line of Vienna. And the difference between the Austrian and the German is most striking in Vienna, because the cosmopolitan coloring acquired by Austria through its long and close association with other nations went deepest under the skin of the capital.

The Viennese is no more German than his Danube is blue. (Although the famous waltz stubbornly maintains it, the Danube is not blue at all. Perhaps it was blue once, in the original conception, but after its long career as a river, it looks as though the Lord had washed in its waters all the brushes with which He painted the many countries along its shores.) According to many reports, the Austrians, and first and foremost the inhabitants of Vienna, have awakened from the Nazi drunkenness with a terrific hangover. We must hope they are thoroughly "re-educated."



Warning —

There are men, in all ages, who mean to exercise power usefully; but who mean to exercise it. They mean to govern well; but they mean to govern. They promise to be kind masters; but they mean to be masters.

— DANIEL WEBSTER

THE STATE OF THE UNION

The Gamblers With Liberty

BY MAX EASTMAN

INSTEAD of trying to be highbrow or ingenious in this day of complex change, we should try, it seems to me, to act with simple common sense.

There is at the moment an impetuous world trend toward greater state power and state management of social and even individual life. It finds some justification in the problems of machine production. Society is getting to be more like a factory than a family, and requires more coordination. This entails new adjustments of the old conflict between freedom and organization, and we have to face them.

But there is a choice as to the extent of the change, and I think elementary prudence would hold it within the narrowest practicable limits. Prudence would say: Let us surrender to the machine economy only so much of the wayward rights of the individual as is necessary to make it work with increasing justice — let us guard with eternal vigilance the rest. This, not only because those rights are the most precious thing we have, the main reason for producing goods at all, but because they are necessary to the abounding production of goods.

In the long run freedom is as vital

as regulation to an economy of abundance. Where men become mere cogs in a state apparatus, wealth will not much longer abound than happiness. An economy is not a machine, but an organism. To flourish it must have life, initiative, experimental volition in its parts.

Although obvious to common sense, these truths seem inaccessible to many of our elevated thinkers. Lured by the promise contained in such neatly contrasted abstractions as “socialism” *versus* “capitalism,” “planned economy” *versus* “anarchy in production,” or hypnotized by locomotive phrases like “fundamental transformation of the social principles of western civilization,” they are urging us to cast instinctive prudence to the winds and plump for state control and ownership as a general way of life. We gained our rights and liberties piecemeal, snatching them in mortal combat lasting many centuries from entrenched and ruthless masters of the earth. But these zealots of “historic transformation” would have us hand them over in a lump to the state — which means to any new gang that may in the endless future grab the power.

One certain thing is that we know nothing about the whither of this "historic transformation" of which they boast as though they held the wheel of it. The hick who never studied history is wiser than the scholar who trusts history to take him where he wants to go. He is wiser because he will hang on to the things which are of great value to him.

It would be nice if this period of enraged and bloody upheaval should become the prelude to a golden age of socialist democracy. It is a pleasant fancy that by merely pushing to the extreme of ownership the existing trend toward state control, a new peace, equality and freedom can be made to emerge from such a reign of tyranny and carnage. No thoughtful person would call this fancy probable. But even if there were, say, one chance in ten of its coming true, would it not behoove us, before pushing too hard, to inquire what the alternative may be if the golden age fails to emerge? It is an astonishing fact that this simple inquiry, so natural to common sense, has never been made by any one of the learned thinkers who urge us to back this trend with all our force. They have none of them asked: What will we get from the state ownership of industry if we do *not* get democratic socialism? What shall we have then?

The answer, however, is both obvious and ominous. We shall have a new form of class society, roughly describable as industrial feudalism, in which privilege will rest on tenure and function rather than ownership, but

in which for that very reason the lines of class status will be more sharply drawn than now. Masters will control the state, and workers as state employes will be without essential rights against them.

In such a society, the old struggle between those who seek freedom and justice for all, and those who seek privilege or to lick the boots of the privileged, will begin again. But it will begin in circumstances heavily weighted against the lovers of freedom. The factories as well as the land will now be a ground of serfdom for the common man. The machinery of travel and communication will be out of his hands. Organized protest will be impossible. No economic basis will exist for a new class which might, like the old bourgeoisie, provide the sinews for a democratic revolution.

Weapons so destructive as to make revolt unthinkable will be in the hands of the rulers; barricades will belong to historic romance. The whole mass of the population will be in a state of subjection with no visible way out except for individuals and by the ladder of sycophancy or submissive achievement. Such a régime of feudal class-rule, unmitigated by trade guilds and handicraft production, unilluminated by the torch of a rising bourgeois class demanding a free market, will produce a Dark Age indeed. As before, education will be the chief source of the darkness, but now it will be universal.

Concepts like *habeas corpus*, jury trial, inviolability against search and seizure, due process of law, consent of

the governed, the dignity of the individual, all that was so long fought for and enshrined in Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, all that is implied when one speaks of the Rights of Man, will disappear, in such a society, from the public mind. Men of gentle and bold spirit, reading illicit books, will look back to the rights and liberties belonging to certain states called "capitalist" as to a patch of sunlight shining in the past.

If this seems an over-gloomy picture, that may be because the reader does not realize how small a span of history, how tiny a bit of the earth, those rights and liberties ever illumined. He does not realize that life goes on like an irresistible river without them, that men eat and chatter and laugh and make love and adore their children, and suffer not differently, but only more, in Dark Ages and while building pyramids for Pharaohs.

II

Except in times of excited desperation, all peoples believe in the régime they live under. More often than not the subjects of an autocrat would vote for him. That men love a tyrant is as certain as that they love power; and he has means to weed the garden where that love grows. Freedom, in short, is a jewel; it is not the daily bread. No signs of devastation mark its departure; no logic of necessity will restore it to us, once it has been surrendered.

We have the example of this in Germany and Spain and Russia. And we have a more alarming example in the attitude toward Russia of those Gamblers with Liberty of whom I speak. In Russia every element of the above gloomy picture — all of industrial feudalism except overt hereditary caste — is achieved. The workers as well as the peasants are in essence serfs. They cannot be absent from their benches for a day without excuse. To come late in the morning is a criminal offense. For an accident damaging to the state production, they are punishable by death. They cannot sell their labor on the market; they cannot, without the party-state's permission, change their places of employment.

The peasant's lot is more exactly feudal. He is bound for life to the collective or state farm to which he "belongs." He can cultivate a meagre plot of his own, but only after he has done his stint on the state's domain. His work for the state must be done at the season when it is most necessary, his own plot waiting the while untended. The penalty for non-compliance with these laws of serfdom is slavery — a term at forced labor. And beyond that lies deportation to death in a concentration camp.

There is little in the history of serfdom in its earlier forms which exceeds the rigor of these laws binding the Russian worker and peasant to the party-state. And meanwhile the increasingly class-conscious bureaucrats who control the state are putting on, step by step, the attributes of lords.

The restoration of epaulettes, in whose violent removal the Russian revolution began, is but the most symbolic of a long series of measures carrying Russia in the direction — not of democracy, as our wishful gamblers tell us, nor of private capitalism — but of fixed caste relations. The restoration of the Table of Ranks in the army, police, and diplomatic corps is a flagrant step in the same direction.

Lieutenants in the Russian army receive 1000 rubles a month, privates 10 rubles — a ratio of 100 to 1. In our democratic army, lieutenants receive \$150, privates \$50 — a ratio of 3 to 1.¹ "Moscow is getting ready for the war's end," wrote a UP correspondent on January 22, 1944. "The other night the Bolshoi Opera House presented the initial performance of a new season to a glittering, bemedaled audience with a pomp that puts the Metropolitan's Diamond Horseshoe in the shade."

This was no doubt gratifying to the adorers of the Diamond Horseshoe, and there are plenty of them among the Kremlin set both here and in England, people who ask no happier solution of their conflicts than to be permitted to wave the red flag about Russia and yet feel sure that "democracy" has made it safe for snobs. The scene was, however, a visible bloom of that mounting process of class division on an income basis, which both explains and crowns the series of reactionary social changes I have outlined above.

In 1937, in an essay containing a proof that the differences in salary between Russian workers and bureaucrats was already parallel to that between workers and bureaucrats in the United States, I remarked that "inside of ten years, barring revolutionary changes, the Soviet Union bids fair to be as reactionary as any country which has emerged from feudalism." Seven years have passed, and the main thing left in doubt is the emergence from feudalism.

For purposes of domestic order and foreign intrigue, this process is, of course, advertised as an approach to socialism, an achievement of the aims of the Bolshevik revolution. And our Gamblers with Freedom open their minds to this deception as though to the waters of life. They were never Bolsheviks, but their thirst to believe that a benign world-change is in progress has reconciled them to the sins both of Bolshevism and of the counter-revolution that killed it. Even those who acknowledge the horrors of the existing tyranny in Russia find ways to make themselves believe it is the prelude to an age of gold.

The English professor-politician, Harold Laski, is the most imposing of these self-deluding intellectuals, and I will examine somewhat meticulously the operations of his mind on the question of Russia. He is, to begin with, frank and more extreme than I have been in describing the tyrannical character of the Russian state and the stifling subjection of the people to it.

¹ See the New York Times, April 19, 1945.

I quote his words with some necessary condensation²:

After 1924 Stalin and his associates acquired a vested interest in power which they were not prepared to surrender. To that vested interest there have been sacrificed both democracy in the party, and the greater democracy beyond to which it would gradually have led. . . . Dissent from Stalin's views became the expression of counter-revolutionary opinion. There were mass-purges, mass-exiles, and mass-executions.

Despite the pledges of the Constitution of 1936, there is no freedom of speech, except for Stalin's adherents, no freedom of the press or assembly. Everyone knows that the elections are a farce; no candidatures are possible which reject the party line, and even the ballot-papers for them read like a hymn to Stalin.

Freedom of movement is gravely restricted. Contact with foreigners is looked upon with suspicion. There is arbitrary arrest; there is long imprisonment, and execution without trial. It is difficult to obtain foreign literature, especially newspapers, except under official sanction. There is rigorous censorship of foreign journalists. Citizens cannot travel abroad without the permission of the government. Most political offences, and their possible ambit is wide, are tried in secret; there is no writ of *habeas corpus*, no right to subpoena witnesses, no right to a professional defence, with ample time to rebut the charges. The death-penalty may be imposed for injury to, or theft of, collective property; and even "teasing, mocking, or persecuting" a shock-worker may, under Article 58 of the Criminal Code, become "wrecking," and so punishable with death.

How vast and how terrible are the powers of the secret police emerged in 1938 at the trial of Yagoda who had been its head until his arrest. The system of hos-

tages has been used; and relatively young children have been encouraged and eulogized for the denunciation of their parents.

. . . It is difficult not to feel that the range and intensity of the Soviet dictatorship has for its objective less the achievement of its socialist end than the maintenance of Stalin and his chosen associates in power at all costs. It is difficult, otherwise, to explain the price that has been imposed for dissent from his views; it is difficult otherwise to explain the Oriental eulogies that are so exhaustively lavished upon him. The cult of Stalin, indeed, has become a veritable religion, with the Politbureau as a College of Cardinals, and the secret police acting as inquisitors for a Bolshevik Pope. Deviation from orthodoxy is, as in a militant religion, punished by imprisonment or death.

Mr. Laski is able to believe that in a nation so chained and trampled upon by power-lustful and unbridled masters of state-power, there is coming to birth a veritable utopia both of freedom and humane reform. He accomplishes this miracle of faith by opposing the words "economic" and "political" as though they designated two spheres as wide apart as Jupiter and Mars. While the above listed horrors fill the sphere of politics, the sphere of economics, he assures us, is brimming with sweetness and light. I quote once more, with the necessary condensation:

In the narrow economic sphere, there is a more genuine basis for economic freedom for the masses in the Soviet Union than they have elsewhere previously enjoyed.

. . . Millions, in every field and factory, help to make the conditions under which they live. In an important sense, unknown in capitalist countries, there are the effective beginnings of constitutional government in industry . . . The rules of an

² Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time, Vol. 1.

enterprise are not made at the discretion of an employer who owns it, but are genuinely the outcome of a real discussion in which men and management participate. . . . Care for the health, sanitation and safety of the workers in field and factory [has been established] at a pace which would have been unthinkable in any capitalist society. . . . The administration of justice (political offences apart) . . . is on a level superior to that of most other countries. . . . Bench and bar alike have a more active and sustained interest in the improvement of legal procedure than anyone has displayed in Europe since Jeremy Bentham. . . . The educational opportunities of Russia are now better than those of any other country in the world. They mean . . . a far smaller proportion of frustrated lives. They mean to millions an ability to explain their needs, which is of the essence of freedom.

It is obvious that no man thinking about concrete facts could put these two passages into the same book and chapter. How can it be that in a country where "there is no right of *habeas corpus*, no right to subpoena witnesses, no right to a professional defence," nevertheless "the administration of justice (political offences apart) is on a level superior to that of most other countries"? What jocular Deity brings it about that while death may be the penalty for teasing another worker, nevertheless "care for the health, safety and sanitation of the workers" outruns all previous norms? How does it come to pass that where "elections are a farce, freedom of movement is restricted, there is arbitrary arrest, imprisonment and execution without trial," nevertheless "there are the effective beginnings of constitutional

government in industry . . . and millions help to make the conditions under which they live"? Would these millions not be more likely, in a real world, to establish the beginnings of constitutional government by making the rules under which they can be dragged out and shot?

Laski is not thinking about concrete facts, but about an abstraction called: "fundamental transformation of the social principles of Western civilization." He is compelled by his commitment to that grandiose notion to believe all the millennial fables with which the Soviet dope-writers and their ever-present aids, the suckers of all countries, have surrounded the process of industrialization in Russia. But he is also compelled, by some scholarly conscience and sensitiveness to intelligent criticism, to acknowledge the brutal and terrible facts. Hence results this two-ended monster — this Sphinx in reverse, whose face is a fanged and savagely deadly "political" beast, but whose body is a human mother, all filled with the milk of "economic" kindness.

That this artificial division of society into two halves, political and economic, in which opposite processes are taking place, should be put before us with obeisances to "Marxism," is one of those prodigies in mental gymnastics of which only a trained scholar is capable. Marx might be said to have spent his life trying to forestall this shallow dichotomy. Marx or no Marx, any man of sense knows that the Russian people are not being sub-

jected to these hideous political repressions for their own good. It is not to bring in the Kingdom of Heaven that the masters of the state are locking the population in this toothed vice. It is to make their own hold on wealth and privilege secure.

The industrialization, the Westernization, of the old Oriental agrarian Russian empire opens a field of exploitation beside which the gold-mines of California and Klondyke put together are a pile of sand. The inevitable gang of lawless buccaneers, shooting and lynching and deporting all objectors, riding down those who speak for mercy, for justice, for the rights of the humble, having got this fabulous proceeding in hand, will take the fruit and the juice of it — what matter whether as owners or lords? That together with our Western machinery they take over the safeguards, the care and training of personnel, the literacy, that are indispensable to its effective operation, is merely a sign that they have brains. That they take the whole thing over fast, almost as fast as they are taking the machinery, is not surprising, nor does it make probable any historic result whatever, but their secure seat in the saddle for an age to come.

III

This article has grown longer than I wished, for I had a simple thing to say. I was urging the claims of practical good sense in this world crisis as against the imprudence of those high-

brows who are tricked by their wish to have superior knowledge and "radical" belief into gambling with human freedom. Their attitude toward Russia, where a collectivized economy has been tried and resulted in total enslavement, shows that they not only lack instinctive prudence but are incapable of drawing a prudent inference.

They do not propose to link their movement towards democratic collectivism in other countries with some social force or forces in Russia, which they rely on to democratize that country. They have never even inquired whether there are such forces. Laski admonishes the faithful that "the erosion of the dictatorship" will not be "a simple matter" — he makes that bow to the real problem — but that is all, except that we must keep our hands off. "So long as there is a wide-spread conviction that capitalist powers are prepared to attack the Soviet Union, so long the dictatorship will persist." After that the winds and rains, it appears, will "erode" it.

I stick to Laski because he is the most voluble of these self-deluding intellectuals who, to dodge the issue between totalitarianism and democracy, have accepted the meaningless label of "Leftist." I could as well illustrate my thesis with Max Lerner and *PM*, Bruce Bliven and the *New Republic*, Freda Kirchwey and the *Nation*. . . . It is needless to go over the steadily lengthening list. Vice-President Wallace follows Laski in playing up the

shallow distinction between "economic" and "political," dreaming that Russia will supply one kind of democracy, America the other, to a forthcoming millennium.

The sole ground for believing that Russia's dictatorship must evolve in a democratic direction is the nineteenth century, neo-Christian habit of regarding "progress" as divinely appointed, a habit which Marx propped up with a pretendedly materialistic philosophy, but which has no place in scientific thinking. Russia is evolving headlong in the opposite direction. And they are not content, the most learned of these "Leftists," to blind their eyes to this fact and the warning contained in it. They even propose to ally the movement for democratic collectivism in other countries with the very gang who have used collec-

tivism to stamp out the last trace of democracy in Russia.

Human folly has rarely been more fatuous. I assert that unless we resist these foolhardy people, who have all but usurped the field of progressive leadership in this country, and are permeating the churches, the press, the labor unions, the government, the inmost chambers of the White House, with their mood and attitude of trance-like gambling with man's rights and liberties, there will be an end of human progress as we understand it for an age to come.

And nothing is needed to stop it — let me say this once more — but elementary common sense, the simple calculation of chances in the public cause with which every sane man approaches a moment of hazard in his private life.



Definition —

EPITAPH, *n.* — A belated advertisement for a line of goods that has been permanently discontinued.

— IRVIN S. COBB

► *Will voters choose between
two sets of conservatives?*

THE OLD DEAL DEMOCRATS

BY VANCE JOHNSON

A BREACH in the ranks of the Democratic Party, which has been developing since Franklin D. Roosevelt attempted, in 1938, to purge six members of the United States Senate, has grown during the last year into a civil war which is rocking the foundations of the party. The Democrats today are divided into two well-defined and hostile camps: the New Deal Democrats of the large, machine-controlled Northern cities, and the Southern Democrats. The gulf between them has become so wide — and the probabilities of reconciliation so slim — as to cast grave doubts on the continued usefulness of the Democratic Party as a party.

An incongruous situation has developed. Republican gains in the Middle West and the East have solidified the big city machines behind President Roosevelt. They have delegates enough to control the Democratic National Convention, since abandonment of the two-thirds rule has robbed the Southern Democrats of their great power over nominations. Although the Southerners have objected mildly to the President's re-nomination, they probably will "go

along" at the convention — for good and sufficient reasons, which will be explained later. Thus at Chicago, there may be manifestations of old-time party harmony.

But the twenty-four Senators and 109 Congressmen who represent twelve Democratic states of the former Confederacy hold the balance of power in Congress. This is crucial to the future success of the party. If the Southern Democrats, in the exercise of that control, choose not to follow the policies enunciated by the Democrats' recognized leader, the President, the party's program can get nowhere.

Solid South Democrats occupy exactly half the Democratic seats in the House of Representatives. They comprise 46 per cent of the Democratic membership of the Senate. Without their votes, no legislative proposition can survive in either house.

Since the convening of the 78th Congress in January 1943, the Southerners have chosen *not* to follow the White House on practically any major domestic issue. By their votes they have made it perfectly clear that they

VANCE JOHNSON is with the Washington Bureau of the Chicago Sun. Formerly he wrote for a number of newspapers in Texas and New Mexico.

have lost faith in the President's administration of home front affairs. From Southern ranks have come some of the most persistent critics of the domestic administration:

SENATOR HARRY F. BYRD, of Virginia, who has waged unrelenting war on what he terms "bureaucratic extravagance." With his Joint Committee on Reduction of Non-Essential Federal Expenditures, Byrd has been the spearhead of a movement which has resulted in cutting to the bone or eliminating altogether a long list of agencies and programs dear to the hearts of the New Dealers.

SENATOR JOHN H. BANKHEAD 2D, of Alabama, who, with the late Representative Henry B. Steagall, also of Alabama, led the farm bloc's long fight against the Administration's consumer food subsidy.

WALTER FRANKLIN GEORGE, of Georgia, one of the Senators on the 1938 purge list, who, as chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee and of the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, has had more to do than any other one man with spiking the ambitious tax increases proposed by the Treasury, and with over-riding the President's veto of the 1944 revenue bill. More than once in the last year George's powerful speeches have turned the tide against Roosevelt in the Senate.

HOWARD W. SMITH, Representative of the Eighth Virginia District, who, with another Southerner, Senator Tom Connally of Texas, sponsored the anti-strike bill which became

law in 1943 over the President's veto. As chairman of the polysyllabic House Select Committee to Investigate Acts of Executive Agencies beyond the Scope of their Authority, Smith has been the author of a series of devastating reports accusing war-time agencies established by Mr. Roosevelt of usurping legislative and judicial powers.

JOHN E. RANKIN, the Mississippi fireball who led the fight in the House against the simplified Federal ballot for service men, who blocked a compromise in conference, and who has been a consistent New Deal opponent.

II

To those who know and understand the South, the systematic attack waged by these Southerners against the New Deal philosophy of government has come as no surprise. The South has long supplied the most conservative elements of the Democratic Party. In the South, there is no choice among party philosophies; the choice is only in the primary, among individual men. Campaigns seldom are fought out on issues. Choices of the electorate as a general rule are governed by personalities, and the most colorful individuals and most fluent orators often turn out to be the most conservative when they take their seats in Washington. As a rule, the successful candidate is the one who has money to spend. Financing often comes from the most conservative sections of Southern society: large

land owners, merchants, industrialists, and others little interested in "social experiments."

Once a Congressman is chosen, these same people become the most vocal of all his constituency. They exert a pressure far more one-sided than that which besieges Congressmen from other parts of the country, because in the South a large segment of the adult population, in addition to being unorganized, is effectively disfranchised. The labor movement is young and scattered, its total vote insignificant as compared with that of the land owner and merchant classes, its influence correspondingly weak.

The most powerful single pressure, of course, comes from the farmers. Traditionally, they veer leftward in times of depression and gravitate back to the right when times are good. Times now are the best the Southern farmer ever has known.

Southern politics being so much a matter of individuals, it is to be expected that Southern politicians would be peculiarly susceptible to undercurrents of public sentiment. Elsewhere in the country an undercurrent of conservatism has been reflected in the election of a growing number of Republicans to local and state offices and to Congress. In the South, it has been reflected in a steady rightward swing by the very same politicians who in the days of great Democratic land-slides were walking arm-in-arm with the President.

On most issues confronting the 78th Congress, a remarkable parallel de-

veloped between the views of the Southern Democrats and those of the Republicans. This has been particularly noticeable in the House. For example:

Ninety-three per cent of the Southern Democrats voted for an amendment to the 1943 Urgent Deficiency Appropriation Bill (the provision being the handiwork of Representative John H. Kerr of North Carolina) denying salaries for three Administration officials, Robert Morss Lovett, William E. Dodd, and Goodwin B. Watson, on grounds of subversive activity. Ninety-seven per cent of the Republicans voted for the amendment.

One of the greatest thorns in the side of the New Deal has been the Special House Committee on un-American Activities, headed by Representative Martin Dies of Texas. Extension of the Dies Committee last year was favored by 85.5 per cent of the Southern Democrats and 94.6 per cent of the Republicans.

Voting for the second anti-subsidy bill were 86.5 per cent of the Southerners and 92.2 per cent of the Republicans.

Nearly 96 per cent of the Southern Democrats and all of the Republicans present voted for the creation of the Smith Committee to investigate actions of the executive agencies. Only seven Southerners — and among them only one from a rural area, Representative Malcolm C. Tarver, of Georgia — voted to sustain the President's veto of the 1944 tax bill.

On some other issues, the Southern Democrats outdid the Republicans: 94.8 per cent of them voted for the Hobbs anti-racketeering labor bill (the author being Representative Sam Hobbs, of Alabama), as compared with 81.9 per cent of the Republicans; 95.6 per cent voted for the Connally-Smith anti-strike bill, as compared with 73 per cent of the Republicans.

It was this situation which caused Senator Claude Pepper of Florida to plead with his Democratic colleagues in February not to over-ride the veto of the tax bill. Whether or not it was a measure "providing relief not for the needy but for the greedy," as the President charged, it was a measure reflecting the point of view of the conservatives on the Senate and House tax-making committees. Pepper knew the committees had not looked far to find new sources of revenue when the Treasury refused to approve a sales tax. He knew also that more was involved than congressional outrage at an unprecedented rejection of a revenue bill — the dramatic balk of Senator Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky, the majority leader of the Senate, notwithstanding.

"I believe that when we vote today," Pepper told his fellow Southerners,

we will not only be voting on the tax bill — if that were the only issue I would vote to over-ride — but we will be voting on what is to be the permanent course and character of our party. . . . If what we do here today in passing upon this bill shall alter the understanding of the nation

concerning the fundamental spirit and character and purpose of the Democratic Party, if there may be any doubt in the public mind that we are no longer the crusading party. . . . it means a victory at too great cost.

If the Democratic Party ever had been the "great liberal party" of Senator Pepper's desire, it long since had ceased to exist in fact. How can any party follow through on any platform, liberal or conservative, if the effective majority of those who must translate its policies into law are antagonistic to its purposes? One must ask, too, if those who make the laws are out of sympathy with those who administer them, why do they not desert the party and find refuge in one which more nearly reflects their views? The answer is at once simple and complex.

III

Goaded by an impulsive statement of a colleague to the effect that an "unholy alliance" between Northern Republicans and arch conservative Southern Democrats had defeated the original Green-Lucas Federal soldier ballot bill, Senator Josiah W. Bailey of North Carolina rose in the Senate last December to declare:

They can drive us out [of the Democratic Party]. . . . There can be an end of insults, there can be an end of toleration. . . . We can form a Southern Democratic Party and vote as we please in the electoral college, and we will hold the balance of power in this country. We can throw the election into the House of Representatives.

A Southern Democratic Party has been a topic of conversation and conjecture south of the Mason-Dixon Line for more than a generation. Enthusiasm for it rises and falls in ratio to harmony in the national party. Tom Watson of Georgia found a large following under the Populist banner in the '90's, and five states, inflamed by an antipathy toward rum and Catholicism, bolted for Herbert Hoover in 1928. But a virile third party of the South never has been nearer than Utopia. It is not now.

Senator Bailey is himself a good weathervane. A few weeks after his indignant speech in the Senate, he introduced with great cordiality Postmaster General Frank Walker, the then recent chairman of the National Democratic Committee, to a Jackson Day gathering in Raleigh. In April, Bailey registered his displeasure with the present occupant of the White House by endorsing Senator Byrd for the 1944 Democratic presidential nomination—but he hastened to add that he was a “regular Democrat” and thus would abide by the decision of the national convention.

A few leaders of Southern Democracy made a serious effort a year ago to arouse interest in a third party. Grumbling about rationing, about the interminable questionnaires from Washington, about the shortage of household servants, and about all the other inconveniences of wartime living, had reached its peak. Republicans and men of doubtful political allegiance had been handed some of

the choicest plums of regional bureaucracy, and the local party members were disgruntled. To men like Governor Sam Jones of Louisiana, the time for a break seemed to have arrived.

Governor Jones made speeches all over the South. He wrote articles for newspapers and for at least one national magazine. He advanced a plausible argument. The South originally embraced the Democratic Party, he said, because:

1. It “promised to allow us to solve, for good or evil, our own internal problems.”
2. It favored a low tariff.
3. It promised “to permit our own leaders to erect a tolerable pattern of life from the chaos of carpetbagging and race war which had been thrust upon us by the Republican administration in Washington.”

But, he went on, the New Deal has “done more to destroy states’ rights than . . . any other party in power since Reconstruction days.” The tariff issue gradually lost meaning with the years, “and now, with reciprocal trade pacts and the war, it has ceased to be an issue altogether.” And, “it is abundantly and increasingly clear that the New Deal high command hopes to use the war as an instrument for forcing social ‘equality’ of the Negro upon the South.”

The first two of Sam Jones’ arguments aroused academic interest among the politicians. Reared on the doctrine of inviolable states’ rights, they were inherently suspicious of a strong

general government and fearful of any extensions of its power, even in wartime. They agreed wholeheartedly with the Louisianan's thesis that while tariffs on external trade had ceased, for the present at least, to be an issue, the New Deal had done little toward removing a great internal tariff discriminatory to the South — the zone system of freight rates. But the keystone of the Jones approach to a third party was the race issue. This left the politicians cold.

Although many of them are not averse to hate-fanning now and then in their local campaigns, the last thing Southern politicians want to see shaped into a bipartisan issue is the Negro question. Whether the politicians admit it or not, the one-party system of the South was built and has been maintained to this day around a core of race prejudice. Without disfranchisement of the Negro, one-party control would be impossible; without one-party control, disfranchisement of the Negro would be impossible.

The politicians know that if ever the day comes when two parties of anything like equal strength develop in the South, competition for the Negro vote is inevitable. It makes no difference whether the parties are labeled Democratic and Republican, or Democratic and Southern Democratic: the result will be the same. Has not this happened in New York, in Pennsylvania, in Illinois, and everywhere else where large Negro populations have benefit of the ballot? Many fear that competition among parties

would sharpen the conflict between white and black, and that for many years "a tolerable pattern of life" would be impossible.

Other and equally compelling arguments dampened the professionals' ardor for the Jones proposals. Many feared a separate party would leave the South more isolated than ever; no third party ever had wielded great influence under our political system. A Southern Democratic Party might make itself available for trading — but with whom? So long as the two major parties retain their present identity very real obstacles stand in the way.

The Civil War heritage still is strong among the rank and file of voters; the sufferings and outrages of Reconstruction have been kept alive by school textbooks and by family legends. Republicanism and Reconstruction still are synonymous in many Southern minds.

The aggressive attitude of the Roosevelt Administration toward equality of opportunity for the Negro might be distressing, but not so intolerable as the traditional Republican view toward his equality. The South's strong regionalism, bred of its economic problems and its preponderant agrarian population, would be hard to rationalize with the platform of a party traditionally controlled by the industrial North and East. In short, to sell the rank and file to the GOP would be as nigh an impossibility as any Southern politician could comprehend.

Moreover, the vested interests of the politicians themselves were at stake in any third party suggestion. Products of the healthful climate of the one-party system, they found it hard to contemplate the rough going of two-party politics.

Sam Jones' plan collapsed in the face of such logic. True, there was an outburst of anti-Roosevelt, pro-third party speeches at a meeting of the Southeastern Governors Conference at Tallahassee, Florida, in the late spring of 1943. They set off a torrent of "revolt" speculations. But the fire soon died. One of the most vigorous anti-New Deal speakers at Tallahassee was Georgia's young Governor, Ellis Arnall. But when the Democratic National Committee early in 1944 adopted a resolution urging President Roosevelt to run again, Ellis Arnall did not dissent.

While the professionals waxed warm and cool, the Southern man on the street never was intrigued by Governor Jones' idea. A Gallup poll in mid-summer 1943, when third-party agitation was still going strong, revealed that 80 per cent of the voters in the South favored the renomination of President Roosevelt. Samplings of public opinion since have indicated continued enthusiasm.

IV

When the House reading clerk had completed the reading of President Roosevelt's annual state-of-the-union message in January, all of the Demo-

crats save one — Representative Joe Starnes of Alabama — rose to their feet and applauded. A few minutes later Speaker Sam Rayburn asked Starnes why he had not joined the demonstration. The Alabaman replied that he "could not stomach" the President's recommendation of national service legislation. "But," he hastened to add, "you know I'm for Roosevelt for a fourth term." Starnes was defeated at the Alabama primaries on May 2.

Starnes' attitude on this occasion probably typifies the mood of the Southern Democrats. Roosevelt still is personally popular with the masses in the South. Moreover, those who speak for Southern Democracy know that you can't beat somebody with a nobody, and most of them feel that no other Democrat is sufficiently well known nationally to capture the imagination of the American people. That is why the professional Southern politicians have not warmed to the Byrd-for-President campaign, even though the Virginian perhaps is the ideal symbol of the views they currently hold.

Thus, if the President wants the nomination, the Southern Democrats probably will march loyally to Chicago and vote for him. They probably even will take the stump for him in the campaign; certainly even the most diehard New Deal haters will vote for him because, as Senator Bailey said, they are "regular Democrats." But then, what?

Athwart the plans and programs of

the administrative agencies stands the Solid South delegation in Congress. Southern Democrats are chairmen of sixteen of the thirty-three standing committees of the Senate, and twenty-two of the forty-six standing committees of the House. These include some of the most strategic positions in the legislative branch: Chairman of the important Senate Agriculture Committee is Ellison D. (Cotton Ed) Smith, one of those singled out for purge in 1938, and a violent anti-New Dealer. In one recent speech in the Senate, Smith referred to the President as "that thing." George of Georgia heads the powerful Senate Finance Committee, Connally of Texas the Foreign Relations Committee, and Senator Byrd the important Senate Rules Committee. Senator Kenneth McKellar, a consistent foe of New Deal projects, is acting chairman of the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee.

In the House, Southerners head four of the most important committees: Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina, Ways and Means; Hampton P. Fulmer of South Carolina, Agriculture; Hatton W. Sumners of Texas, Judiciary; Carl Vinson of Georgia, Naval Affairs.

The Southerners have powerful allies in both houses—Chairman Clarence Cannon of the Appropriations Committee in the House, for instance, and a formidable list of other anti-New Dealers in the Senate: Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, foe of Roosevelt domestic and foreign

policies alike; Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri, and three 1938 purgees, Millard F. Tydings of Maryland, Pat McCarran of Nevada, and Senator Guy Gillette of Iowa. Gillette, who was congratulated by President Roosevelt for deciding to run again, responded by telling a reporter: "I consider Senator Byrd a candidate whom any Democrat or any Republican would be proud to support."

The positions of these men are so well known that it takes no crystal ball to foretell what will happen during the fourth term, if Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected. Such strong-willed men will not be easy to move, especially when they sense popular support, as they do. Little short of a complete capitulation to their views is likely to satisfy them. But Franklin D. Roosevelt also is a man of strong will. A stalemate between the executive and legislative departments is a more logical development.

The Wisconsin primary demonstrated that conservatives hold the power in the Republican Party. Conservatives likewise hold the balance of power in the Democratic Party. But because they are in the minority, the Republicans may not find it difficult to reconcile differences and present a solid front. The Republican delegation in Congress has been notable the last year for its cohesive spirit.

The choice in November, then, seems to lie between a conservative, unified Republican Party and a conservative, perhaps irreparably split Democratic Party.

► *Many technical and financial problems still to be solved.*

THE PROMISE OF TELEVISION

BY ROBERT CONLY

TELEVISION, in the past ten years, has received more advance ballyhoo than any other embryonic industry in history. The big electric companies, radio manufacturers and broadcasters have spent millions of dollars on television research; RCA alone claims to have invested \$12,000,000. Yet thus far only about 10,000 receivers have been sold, and there are now only nine stations in five cities in the country actually rendering a television program service — most of them only four hours a week. Comparatively few Americans have ever seen a television program.

The manufacture of all television equipment has been stopped since Pearl Harbor. Yet today, more fervently than ever before, we are being told it is ready to blossom into a two billion dollar industry within a few years after the war. Niles Trammell, president of the National Broadcasting Company, recently predicted a coast-to-coast network by 1948 or 1950. A cross-section survey conducted a few months ago by RCA purported to show that 61.3 per cent of the people would buy a "good"

television receiver priced at \$200, and several companies now promise this after the war at that price or cheaper.

Without entirely discrediting such optimism, it is well to remember that most of the experts who see television's future so near and so rosy are in the employ of the industry. Part of their job is to encourage investors in stations and receiving sets by praising the product and emphasizing the advantages of getting in on the ground floor. From the point of view of the would-be station owner, there is some truth in this. On the basis of present government regulations controlling wave lengths, only eighteen television channels are available, and in some of the more crowded cities, like New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, many of these are already in use or applied for. On the other hand, since television stations have a primary coverage of only 30-50 miles (compared with 50-100 for a standard wave radio station), it will take a great many stations to cover the United States.

The television network as foreseen by most engineers will consist of powerful Class I stations in the larger

ROBERT CONLY is a graduate of the University of Rochester and for the past three years has been on the staff of Newsweek as radio editor.

cities connected with one another by coaxial cables or by small, unattended radio relay towers. Class I stations will carry some network programs, but will also be fully equipped with studios and portable cameras to telecast local news and domestic talent. Surrounding these, in the suburbs and in the not-too-remote rural areas, will be smaller Class II stations, designed chiefly to re-broadcast what the bigger stations put on, but with some studio facilities. Sparsely settled agricultural areas will probably be served by Class III stations — low-powered relays, possibly unattended, and not meant for originating programs.

From the consumer's viewpoint there is no hurry. The longer he waits the better his set will be when he does buy it. In the meantime he is not missing much in the way of programs.

Technically, television is passable, but far from perfect. Images, defined by 525 lines, are bright, but somewhat unsteady. They tend to become distorted at the edge of the screen, and to ripple with interference like reflections in a pool of water. The shades of gray which give the illusion of color in a black and white movie are much fewer in television. Viewers (this seems to be what the audience will be called) are also bothered in some localities by "ghosts" — delayed images caused by reflected waves.

But improvements are coming fast. Both the home audience and the performer benefit from increasingly sensitive cameras, which obviate the necessity for the two-dimensional ges-

tures television actors once had to practice. The same television cameras can already pick up outdoor events in twilight and may eventually show outdoor night scenes without benefit of artificial lighting.

Several new technical developments may bring brighter and larger images to the more expensive home receivers. In the pre-war home set, the viewer looked directly at the screen on the end of the cathode ray tube in which the image was formed. To increase the size of the picture meant to use a bigger cathode ray tube, and when images larger than about $7\frac{1}{2}$ by 10 inches were desired, the tube was too large for the average living room. Some postwar sets will get around this by using small, powerful tubes which project the pictures through a highly efficient optical system first used in astronomy. Others may use the screen on the end of the cathode ray tube as a negative and shine an ordinary carbon light through it.

Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, former president of the Institute of Radio Engineers, recently guessed the prices of postwar television sets, based on 1942 dollar values, as follows: a table receiver, about \$98; a 7 by 10-inch set, \$180; 11 by 14 inches, \$285; 18 by 29-inch projector, \$370 and up. More optimistically, the Emerson Radio and Phonograph Company, which manufactured miniature radios before the war, promises a projection set with a picture 15 by 20 inches for \$150.

The most pressing problem that television now faces is finding fre-

quencies for itself. Sometime during the next year or two the Federal Communications Commission, acting on the advice of an engineering and industry group called the Radio Technical Planning Board, is going to redivide the radio spectrum. Television must fight for a place among electronic heating; aviation signals and communications; facsimile for police, press, and telegraph services; short wave, standard wave, and frequency modulation radio; and other new electronic services.

Television now occupies (or is assigned to) eighteen channels, each six megacycles wide, lying between 50 and 294 megacycles. This is part of the group of frequencies known as "ultra short" waves. There is a possibility, however, that it may be shifted to a higher place in the spectrum, perhaps to the "microwaves." There are strong arguments both for and against such a move. And since television receiving sets are very closely synchronized with transmitters, a fairly permanent decision should be made on wave lengths and other standards before large scale manufacture begins.

A television picture, like a newspaper picture, is drawn a speck at a time in horizontal lines. To give the illusion of motion, the picture is redrawn 60 times per second. Each tiny part of each picture is represented by a separate electric valve and requires an individual transmission to carry it each time it is repeated. By adding to the number of lines per picture, or increasing the number of complete

pictures per second, or by adding color, the picture is improved — but at the same time it is made more complex. And the more complex the picture, the wider the channel needed to transmit it.

In the higher frequencies wider channels would be available; also, there is room for many more stations in the upper spectrum. However, there are difficulties of transmission and of building tubes of sufficient power in the higher frequencies. If television is moved up into the microwaves, it will be delayed. The bitterest debate now going on in the youthful industry is over whether the improvement is worth the delay, and how long the delay would be. RCA, which has invested the most money and holds the most important patents in television built to existing standards, claims that changing those standards might delay the industry five years.

II

Television's hardest problem, however, is not technical, but financial. It is evident that the sale of receiving sets and transmitters alone will not make television broadcasting a paying business. Some one must be found to foot the bills.

It looks now as if television is going ahead on the same formula as radio, as an advertising medium. Early experimentation indicates that it can be an extremely powerful sales force. In eleven months of commercial operation, the National Broadcasting Com-

pany's television station WNBT in New York attracted sponsorship from thirteen advertisers, including Procter and Gamble, Lever Brothers, and the Bloomingdale's, Abraham & Straus, and Bamberger & Company department stores. The Du Mont experiment station W2XWV, New York, now has more advertising clients than it can easily handle. Actually, this is not as encouraging for television as it might seem, since NBC, to stimulate interest, sold time very cheaply, while W2XWV, for the same reason, offers it free. Most of the big advertising agencies, however, do have television program departments already set up — if only to watch developments.

It is not surprising, then, that the largest share of station licenses or applications for licenses now filed with the FCC belong to the two largest advertising media, radio and newspapers. This does not mean that television is likely to replace either radio or newspapers as far as public demand is concerned. It might, however, snare the lion's share of their advertising revenue. This is a danger especially felt by newspapers, which have been able to hold out against the inroads of radio advertising chiefly because department stores felt that customers preferred seeing drawings of merchandise to merely hearing it described. With television, however, stores will display their daily specials — not just pictures but the merchandise itself — in the customers' homes.

Among the newspapers which have already applied for television outlets

are the New York *Herald Tribune*, the New York *Daily News*, the Chicago *Tribune* and the Milwaukee *Journal*. *Time* and *Life*, news magazines, have also recently bought into television by purchasing shares of the Scophony Corporation.

But the fact that a group of advertisers and manufacturers have, largely in a spirit of self-protection, been careful to keep up with television, does not mean that its financial problem is solved. Before program sponsors will invest enough money in television programs to make them really good, they must be assured an audience not of thousands but of millions. On the other hand, before millions will spend \$200 for a television receiver, they must be assured of good programs.

When 60 per cent of the people in a survey say they will buy a good television receiver at \$200, they are probably assuming a quality of program which does not exist today. Studio television programs now consist for the most part of ancient travel films, cookery classes, puppet shows, second rate vaudeville acts (jugglers, magicians, etc.), and radio news commentaries in which the audience has the dubious privilege of seeing as well as hearing the newscaster. When the war is over, they will improve, but it will be a long time before they come near Hollywood's grade B movie, made at a cost of from \$100,000 to \$400,000. Few advertisers can afford half that much for a weekly program — even to reach an audience of millions.

Most television program producers see their chief attractions for the near future in sports events such as football games, prize fights, wrestling matches, and basketball games, all of which can be televised clearly and at a low cost. They can also attract an audience with pre-arranged news events — inaugurations, parades, and perhaps congressional debates. It may be, too, that as television grows it will evolve new studio program material of its own, as radio evolved the soap opera and the quiz show. It will have to be more interesting than newspapers, magazines, novels, conversation, and telephone calls; for television, unlike radio, will not be effective as long as it merely supplies background music for some other activity. At the same time it will have to be cheap, especially in the early years; it can have no \$50,000 sets, no six-week rehearsals. At this point, no one has much idea *what* it will be.

The one branch of television programming which has undergone fairly exhaustive experimentation is, as you might have guessed, the commercial. Recent audiences have seen: (1) A beer commercial in which a stout, red-faced, perspiring and obviously thirsty workman filled a glass with ice-cold beer and drank it; (2) a vacuum cleaner clean a rug, and a sheet of shatterproof glass resist the blows of a hammer; (3) two dwarfs on a can of Kirkman's cleanser come alive via animated cartoon and clean a tired housewife's dirty sink; (4) the vocal B-U-L-O-V-A watch time replaced

by the face of a Bulova watch, greatly enlarged, ticking off a few accurate seconds on the screen.

There are fairly important groups in television, however, who feel that advertising is not necessarily the best way to pay for programs. Most outspoken of these is E. F. MacDonald, president of the Zenith Radio Corporation, which manufactures receivers but refuses to sell them on the grounds that television is not yet ready. MacDonald argues:

When you consider the number of theatre admissions represented by the cost of even a moderate priced \$250 television receiver, it is obvious that television must meet movie standards if it is to compete successfully for mass public attention. . . . It costs the motion picture makers more than \$200,000 an hour to produce the film which is valued by John Q. Public at nine cents an hour. . . . If by some miracle we hurdled the audience problem, and had the same distribution we now have for straight radio, and had solved all technical problems, it is unlikely that any advertiser could afford to pay \$200,000 an hour for straight entertainment on a continued regular program.

The most expensive radio program now on the air, the Jack Benny show, costs less than \$25,000 a week.

MacDonald sees the solution as a television "box office" of some kind whereby the audience could pay for what it gets. He suggests several possibilities — (1) theatre television, (2) some kind of a metering device to be attached to television receivers, or (3) wired television, paid for as wired radio hookups like Muzak are by subscribers.

Another group which approaches television from a box office rather than advertising point of view are the movie interests, several of which have invested considerable money in the industry. Most movie men have pretty well gotten over the fear that television may squeeze them out of business. Instead, they see that it may provide an additional and very lucrative source of revenue.

In Chicago the Paramount-controlled Balaban & Katz theatre chain now operates a full-sized commercial television station and a portable-mobile unit to relay special non-studio events to it. Paramount also operates a station in Los Angeles through another subsidiary, Television Productions, Inc., and owns a share in the Du Mont Television Company, which manufactures receiving sets, broadcasting equipment and operates the very active station W2XWV in New York.

But perhaps the most interesting development in box office television was patented recently by the Scophony Corporation of America, which is controlled largely by the Paramount and 20th Century Fox film companies. It is a scrambling device which makes it possible for the broadcaster to send out programs — without wires — which can be picked up only by special subscribers. They would get them by means of an unscrambling mechanism (a few extra tubes) permanently built into their receiving set. According to its inventor, Dr. A. H. Rosenthal, it would be

possible for the broadcaster to change the scrambling code each week or month, issuing a new “key” (perhaps a small, mailable celluloid card) to be inserted in the receiver.

By charging a small fee, the broadcaster could easily collect enough to produce television programs at least as good as anything the movies have to offer. For instance, with an audience of 3,000,000 people (some radio programs have ten times that many listeners) each paying 10 cents a week, a movie-television company could afford to show its subscribers movies at home for which they now pay 40¢ or more in theatres. By the time the subscription list had reached \$25,000,000 it could spend a million dollars a week on programs, cut its subscription price to 5 cents a week, forget about theatres altogether, and show a profit of over a million dollars a month.

The full significance of television, after commercial exploitation has brought it into wide use and near to technical perfection, is not yet clearly apparent. Once it has become a means of mass entertainment, it will automatically become also a system for mass education, culture, and travel — and for mass propaganda and deception as well. It may well turn out to be a more useful tool and a more powerful weapon than radio, press, and cinema combined. Like all great technical advances, its value will not be inherent in itself, but will depend on the wisdom with which it is used.

"Why talk to me about Old Age?"

Even if you are only 35 or 40 — here are some things you should know about growing old . . .

Since 1900, the average life span of Americans has increased about 17 years—a wonderful record.

One result of this trend is that more people now live to a ripe old age than ever before. *About nine million Americans are now 65 or older.*

However, the goal of medical science is not only to add years to your life, but



also *life to your years*. Old age without good health can be a heavy burden.

Doctors are doing wonders to help elderly people who suffer from the chronic illnesses of later life—such as diseases of the heart . . . diabetes . . . cancer . . . Bright's disease . . . arthritis.

But doctors know that the best way to be healthy at 50, 60, 70 and beyond

is to take care of your health at much younger ages. The reason? . . .

Diseases common to later life seldom appear suddenly. They creep up gradually, quietly gathering force for a number of years before they strike or become disabling.



The moral: Now is the time to start taking care of your health—before you grow old. Visit your doctor regularly for medical checkups. Give him the opportunity to discover—early—conditions or diseases which might lead to later disability. Let him advise you about correcting faulty habits or living conditions which may be shortening your life.

As you get on in years, the following suggestions will help you keep healthy

I'm Still Young!"



and happy...

Keep your mind open to new ideas. Take up a hobby. Remember that, with age, less food may be required, but it should be carefully chosen. Regular, undisturbed sleep is essential. Drink plenty of water. Get sunshine, fresh air, and moderate exercise the year round.

At any age, good health is a priceless asset. Guard it in every way.

COPYRIGHT 1944—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT



1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

FANNIE FARMER AND HER COOK BOOK

BY ZULMA STEELE

THAT kitchen-wise New England spinster, Fannie Merritt Farmer, never dreamed of the influence she was to exert upon millions of homes when she set down, in 1895, the recipes that make up her *Boston Cooking School Cook Book*. Not even the publisher to whom she took her collection of recipes foresaw a landslide in that first mouse-colored copy of the *Boston Cook Book*. Cautiously, that year of 1896, Little Brown printed 3000 copies — but with many misgivings, and at the author's expense. Then as printing after printing melted on the market they watched, amazed, while this kitchen Bible outstripped their best-selling *Quo Vadis?* and *Little Women*. It has reached today a tidy total of over 2,000,000 copies, and is still selling briskly all over the English-speaking world. It has even been translated for the blind in a Braille edition of nineteen volumes.

When Fannie Farmer wrote down her culinary secrets, however, she wasn't thinking beyond an audience of her own pupils. Fannie was then thirty-eight, and principal of a school

that taught the art of cookery to genteel young ladies of Boston, and on Thursday afternoons-out to their cooks. Tradition — and the covers of Fanny Farmer candy boxes — pictures “Aunt Fannie” as an aproned old body pottering about an odoriferous kitchen. Actually, the picture has no more connection with that vigorous career-woman than have the candies which blandly took her name. For Fannie was a *lady*, in the full nineteenth century meaning of that mistreated word.

It was in the Farmers' parlor, crowded with gold chairs and inlaid tables, with whatnots and all the trappings of a Boston middleclass home, that Fannie composed her masterpiece. Her sister Cora, with an editorial eye to detail, sat at a table taking it down with a fine pen. Fannie did the dictating, striding restlessly up and down the room, her high-piled red hair and lovely transparent skin vibrating energy. A boundless physical vitality was in her tread. With each step, though, she lurched a little sideways, for Fannie Farmer was a cripple.

That paralytic limp, far from being

ZULMA STEELE is the author of a biography of Henry Bergh, founder of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, published in 1942. She has done a considerable amount of magazine writing and at one time worked for the Reader's Digest.

a handicap, instead was the spur that drove her to fame. Born in 1857, the daughter of J. Frank Farmer, a printer and ex-newspaperman, Fannie grew up in a bookish family that spent winters in Boston, summers in Scituate. Evenings they played cribbage and skat; Sundays they attended the Unitarian church, marking the day with a taffy pull. Mother and father and the four daughters, of whom Fannie was eldest, made a happy, close-knit unit.

Then seventeen-year-old Fannie, just graduated from high-school, was stricken with the mysterious "paralysis" which maimed her for life. During the next ten years while she was in bed or barely able to putter about the house, two of her sisters became schoolteachers. The third married and bore a son, Fannie's adored nephew, Dexter Perkins. Her unworldly father, meanwhile, clinging to his hand press in the face of changing methods of printing, had lost most of his business and with it their modest income.

Fannie, with a permanent limp, came back to active life determined no one should feel sorry for her, and bound she would somehow retrieve the family fortunes. At first, she shocked neighboring gentry by taking a job "in trade," but after a few months this behind-the-counter work proved too much for her. Then for nearly a year she was mother's helper in a nearby family. Finally, she discovered her true bent by enrolling in the Boston Cooking School, graduating to become assistant head and then

principal of the school for a ten-year stretch.

The Farmers marveled at Fannie's success as a teacher of cooking, for by family tradition she was far from the best cook among them. She was too apt to let the pots burn as she ran enthusiastically from one recipe to another. Her sister May surpassed her in the kitchen, while their maid-of-all-work, Maggie Murphy, amiable boss of the household, outdid them all with delicate pastries and chowders. Standards of cookery and housekeeping were high in the Farmer household, and the daughters grew up in a haze of mouth-watering odors that floated from the kitchen to envelop the house. Fresh bread was always baking or rising in the kitchen; fresh-caught fish and spicy hams steamed from the old-fashioned range to the table; cakes and cranberry pies, Parker House rolls and gossamer gingerbread — all the enticing New England specialties appeared regularly on the Farmers' table.

Into the 700-odd pages of her cook book, Fannie distilled all the priceless cooking lore of this well-nourished New England family. Other cook books may have more glamorous recipes, but Fannie covered the field of what is known in America as "good home cooking." "Her hollandaise," as one critic remarked, "may not be the finest ever heard of, but it is hollandaise." While generous with the best eggs, butter and cream, Fannie was careful to include an economical one-egg cake, along with her ten-egg

Sunshine cake. To her meat and fish recipes she added warmed-over dishes — glorified croquettes, hash and casseroles. So between the extremes of Baked Ham with Champagne Sauce and Poor Man's Pudding (rice), she missed few well-known dishes.

With Yankee practicality, Fannie set down as well the sort of homely pointers that would be passed along by anyone's New England spinster aunt to a small niece learning her way around a kitchen. "To bake," says the book (in case one wondered), "is to cook in an oven." "To boil is to cook in boiling water (212° F. at sea level)." Along with eight ways to build a fire (kerosene, gas, soft wood, hard wood, charcoal, coal, coke and alcohol), Fannie listed as well Helpful Hints to the Young Housekeeper such as "In sweeping carpets occasionally turn broom that it may wear evenly" — gleanings, perhaps, from the Farmers' meticulous Maggie, who dusted keyholes with a feather.

II

Enthusiastic Fannie Farmer, inspiring classes with her joyous philosophy, "Cooking can be fun," was a far cry from today's aseptic calory-counting dietitians. Yet to her goes credit for an innovation which revolutionized the art of cooking.

In Fannie's day cook books were apt to list the vaguest of rules. "Add flour to thicken," they directed, or "a pinch of lard." Or "butter size of an egg" — whether pullet's egg or ostrich's, they

didn't specify, though naturally it made a difference. Miss Farmer herself, instructing a little girl in a class of children to use a heaping spoonful of baking powder, admonished her in the idiom of the day: "Remember, Marcia, make it as rounding as the spoon hollows."

"It will come out different every time, Aunt Fannie," the child protested. "Can't I use two *level* spoonfuls?"

Her teacher thought quickly and from that moment applied the child's notion to measurement of cup and spoon. In time other cook books followed her teaching and Fannie Farmer's system of level measurements — as elementary as the decimal system — changed cooking from a guessing game to a near-science.

It would always be the best butter, though, and the heaviest cream that Fannie leveled in spoon or cup. She was too fiercely-principled a Bostonian to stomach any compromise with quality, any dissembling. Her pupils like to remember the day a photographer came to school to take a picture for her cook book to illustrate chicken *en casserole*. Obviously, a covered casserole looks the same whether or not a chicken is in the pot. Fannie insisted, though, on a bird's being prepared according to recipe and placed in the casserole before she allowed the photographer to proceed.

In the same way, it would not occur to Fannie Farmer to stint or substitute for expensive butter and cream for a class of one hundred pupils. She simi-

ply multiplied the tablespoon of butter, the half-pint of cream, by a hundred. Schools where she taught, in consequence, lost money under her generous dictatorship.

Luckily for the Farmer fortunes, however, Fannie's cook book, as it settled down to steady sales of about 50,000 copies a year, began to bring in a comfortable income. By chance, the book appeared at a time when there was little to choose between such pamphlets as *Fifteen-Cent Dinners for Families of Six* and the 1000-page tomes by professional chefs of Paris or Delmonico's whose notions of cooking involved enormous kitchens, well-stocked pantries and, of course, a staff of six or more. *The Boston Cooking School Cook Book* was simple, comprehensive and designed for an average family of six, with not more than one servant. Fannie's all-inclusive recipes, from simple white sauce to Sauce Béarnaise, were mouth-watering and easy to follow. America's middleclass market snapped up her book by the thousands, and Fannie Farmer soon found herself not only well-to-do but famous.

Fannie's personal following enabled her to open her own school of cookery, also in Boston, in 1902. There she taught twice a week, dramatizing her lectures as she limped briskly about the demonstration platform, her red hair vivid above the white instructor's uniform. Fannie herself was careless about details of dress, but Mrs. Farmer, a fine needlewoman, turned her out for each appearance like a prima donna. Her piqué skirt hung full to

the floor, protected by yards of gath-ered apron. Her gossamer shirtwaist had the daintiest of organdy fichus, and tiny hand-hemmed ruffles and beading embellished her collars and cuffs. An assistant and a maid or two always waited upon Miss Farmer. With her Boston sense of the fitness of things, Fannie Farmer refused to sully her own white fingertips in kneading up a flaky piecrust. Usually two hundred pupils attended, and her talks, published in the Boston Transcript, were widely reprinted. From 1905 till her death ten years later, Fannie Farmer conducted the cooking department in the *Woman's Home Companion*, having been described by the editor, Gertrude Lane, as "the finest cook in the country."

III

"Well, I'm getting to be quite a businesswoman, aren't I?" Fannie liked to say, preening herself in the family circle.

Fannie's mother and father, her sisters and the young nephew would all turn aside to smile. For while the cook book brought in a tidy sum, Fannie was as rashly openhanded with money as with recipes. She was always making bad loans. Impulsive as she was generous, Fannie was forever setting out on a trip by carriage or car, forgetful of her empty purse. When the conductor pushed her politely but firmly off the train, without ticket or money, she never failed to be surprised and indignant.

Her noncommercial ideals prevented Fannie Farmer from reaping a large profit in endorsements. She steadfastly refused to recommend products used in her school, beyond a reserved line or two in the advertisements at the back of her cook book, for Cleveland's Baking Powder, Foss' Extracts, Knox's Sparkling Calves-Foot Gelatine and Read's "Odorless" Refrigerators ("Are Perfectly Dry and Will Not Sweat").

Miss Farmer, moreover, would not enter a dish in any of the many cooking competitions she was asked to judge, for "it would be so dreadful if we won." But Maggie Murphy had no such scruples. Twice the Farmers' Maggie submitted dishes under an assumed name and walked off with first prize awarded by Miss Farmer herself.

For all her strict principles, Fannie Farmer approved of wine in recipes and with dinner. (Succeeding editions of her book, though, listed home brews, save for Prohibition years when pallid sherry flavoring had to be substituted for spirituous liquors.)

IV

Fannie Farmer's cook book, under her thumb and through succeeding printings jealously edited by her sister and niece, displayed the provincialism as well as the virtues of the Farmer family. As recently as 1930 H. L. Mencken, reviewing a new edition, criticized it as "too feminine and a shade too Yankee" — a defect "appar-

ently flowing out of the fact that it was hatched in Boston, where lower middle class British notions of cookery still prevail." While allowing it the merits of clarity, comprehensiveness and common sense, Mencken felt it dealt rather poorly with dishes of "more cultured regions," deeply deploring Fannie's recipe for soft-shell crabs as "an obscenity almost beyond belief."

Foreign frills and fancy sauces were not, it is true, welcomed at the Farmers' New England table. Ice cream, for instance, was considered a homemade delicacy to be whipped up on the back porch with a crank freezer, not tortured into odd shapes and disguised, as in one dessert of the day, to look like a lady's muff, furry to touch and taste. Boston-born Fannie looked a trifle askance at "furrin" novelties, much as, all her life, she felt a condescending sympathy for her three sisters who had the misfortune to be born out of Boston in suburban Medford. Nevertheless, she explored for new recipes in such nearby towns, as well as in New York and Atlantic City. At forty-eight she took her young nephew *by trolley* to see the world between Boston and New York, dining after the humble and uncomfortable ride at fashionable Delmonico's. Later, she made a three-months' lecture tour of the Pacific Coast, and also visited St. Louis and Texas.

Fannie found most chefs willing to reveal the secrets of their kitchens, but when balked could usually guess at ingredients with a Sherlockian

tongue. Other cook books copied Fannie Farmer without so much as a by-your-leave, lifting out recipes, sometimes, with printing errors intact. When Fannie included a recipe for a Russian canape sent to her from St. Petersburg by young Dexter Perkins, the recipe she christened the "Dexter Canape" sprang up in books, magazines and newspapers all over the country.

Slowly other new dishes came into the Farmer fold, but only after thorough testing, for the family prided itself on putting out a well-tried guide that was not a compilation of other cooks' ideas. Fannie herself was slow to change, suspicious of the value of such new-fangled gadgets as the meat chopper and the telephone. For years she was the only author to submit copy to the *Woman's Home Companion* in longhand. One wonders whether she would approve the broadening influence on her cook book of her well-travelled niece, Mrs. Dexter Perkins, who edits the book today with a leaning toward such dishes as Zabaglione and Beef Stroganoff.

Indefatigable to the last, Fannie Farmer for years was the first to arrive at school — often laden with packages from the big market a mile and a half away — and the last to lock up at night. When another stroke, seven years before her death, completely paralyzed her legs, she hunched about on crutches and lectured from a wheelchair.

Though her red hair was flecked with white and her gray eyes looked

at the world through pince-nez, the gallant old lady never lost her grip on a well-directed life. Forewarned of the gravity of her last illness, she gave power of attorney into the hands of her sister, who was to carry on the cook book, and calmly arranged for a visit to the hospital. She delivered her final lecture just ten days before the end. In 1915 Miss Farmer died, at fifty-eight, of Bright's Disease.

Like many another famous person, Fannie Farmer misread her place in the future. Handicapped herself, she had taught Invalid Cookery in many hospitals before there were hospital dietitians; she, also had classes of trained nurses and Harvard Medical students, and worked on a diabetic diet, since outmoded by insulin. She considered her *Life Work* a small volume, *Food and Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent*, which sold poorly and is now out of print.

With a touch of clairvoyance she might have looked ahead down a happy vista of best-selling records that spread her gospel of the bean and the cod to a second generation of nephews and sons hungering now from foreign shores for their Aunt Fannie's New England dishes. Well, the boys can read about it, anyway. One of the phenomena of World War II is the popularity of the occasional battered copy of Fannie Farmer's *Boston Cooking School Cook Book* which turns up in the service men's camps of Africa, Italy, the Solomons, to be pored over by men sick for the smells and flavors of their home kitchens.

► *Are we making mental cases
wholesale through the Army?*

THE ERRORS OF PSYCHIATRY

BY HENRY C. LINK

PSYCHIATRY is an important profession with many victories to its credit. But the doctrinaire assumptions and rule-of-thumb decisions of some of its practitioners are today literally *creating* mental cases, and at an appalling rate. What some psychiatrists have been doing to individual civilians on a voluntary basis, many are now doing wholesale through the military draft machinery and the army medical apparatus. The effects on civilians now and after the war, may, in my opinion, be devastating.

We have been warned that our casualties in this war are going to be very high. The mental and emotional casualties are already immense. Of 3,836,000 draftees classified before induction as unfit, as of April 1, 1944, 1,340,000 or 35 per cent were rejected as mentally unfit or deficient, according to official figures. Of this number, about 802,000 were rejected for mental disease or neurological defects, and about 536,000 for mental deficiency including illiteracy.

In the last war, shell-shock really meant shell-shock. Today this term is loosely applied to almost any neuro-

psychiatric condition. Thus enormous numbers of draftees are rejected for war shock in some form even before they are inducted. They find themselves officially and impressively labelled as neuro-psychiatric 4-F's — N. P.'s for short. They are in effect war casualties even though they have never been in uniform.

The physically disabled veterans of this war will be tragedy enough, but no less tragic will be this great army of mental casualties. The country will be crowded with mental and emotional cripples who have been produced, not by the war, but by the excesses of a psychiatry geared to create or aggravate the very disorders it is supposed to cure. For informally branding a man as an N. P., whether rightly or wrongly, a long step has been taken towards making him one — towards transforming a mild tendency into a more serious condition. What can do more to rob a man of his self-confidence than to tell him he is slightly off mentally? The Army recently dropped the term "psychoneurotic" from the records of registrants rejected and soldiers dis-

HENRY C. LINK, PH.D., is a practicing psychologist and has written extensively on the subject. His two best-known books are *The Rediscovery of Man* and *The Return to Religion*, which have sold into the hundreds of thousands.

charged for nervous or mental reasons. This is a highly desirable step but does not go to the roots of the problem described here.

In my neighborhood recently a woman haled her discharged soldier-husband into court for non-support. His reply to the charge was that he was "emotionally unstable" and therefore incapable of holding any job more than two weeks. He had an Army psychiatrist's word for this, having been discharged from service on neuro-psychiatric grounds. This man no longer thought of himself as lazy or irresponsible. He had acquired the attitude and terminology of mental disability! The official diagnosis of a person as neuro-psychiatric or psychoneurotic is only part of the story. Even more serious is the prolonged process of indoctrination by which mental disorders are actually created or aggravated. Here is an example:

A husky nineteen-year-old boy who had just been discharged from the Army on neuro-psychiatric grounds, came to ask my advice. His story was that he had an abnormal fear of physical violence. "It amounts at times almost to a phobia," he told me. "I have tried to analyze myself to get at the subconscious causes of the complex, and subconsciously I think it might date back to a severe spanking my father once gave me. But suppressing that fear seems to have induced a projection which now makes me very quarrelsome at certain times and very timid at others. In fact, my moods

have all the symptoms of a manic-depressive."

I interrupted this jargon to ask what happened in the Army. He had enlisted of his own accord, for patriotic reasons, and also because he believed discipline would be good for him. As an only son he had been indulged by his family. But the Army, instead of disciplining him, was easy on him. His moody and quarrelsome spells were humored. After several weeks one of his officers called in a medical officer who sent the boy to a large new psychiatric hospital where he remained for seven weeks. He spent the entire time at ease, reading or talking with other patients. Thus, including a few sessions with a prominent psychiatrist, he spent seven weeks talking about and thinking about mental abnormalities. He obtained a kind of basic training in the theories and technical vocabulary of mental disease! Now, discharged as a neuro-psychiatric, he could talk for hours on end about his condition.

True, he may have been mildly neurotic when he entered the hospital, but he was a confirmed neurotic when he left it! A potentially good soldier was lost and another family is now burdened with adjusting the boy to civilian life under such psychological handicaps. I found it difficult to help him because he had so thoroughly talked himself and worried himself into the linguistic swamps of neuroticism. The best cure for his condition, it seemed to me, would still have been the rigorous and impersonal discipline

of the Army *as it was before it became softened by psychiatric practices.*

The procedure which had victimized this boy is *not* the traditional practice of the Army in developing soldiers. It is the practice of civilian medical psychiatry artificially grafted upon the Army. It is a practice that tends to convert mental and moral softness into mental illness. The mere term *phobia* practically doubles any existing fear, turning it into an obsession. The fears which people generate without medical help are bad enough, but when supported by scientific sanction and psychiatric vocabulary, they may become infinitely worse.

One more case history: A fond mother whose son I had advised on certain emotional and personality problems was naturally fearful of his induction. He had been definitely below average in social adjustments. However, he had made great progress despite the excessive protection of his widowed and well-to-do mother. The Army, I assured her, was just what her son needed to give him the final touches in self-reliance and independence. In spite of his mother's misgivings, he was eager to go. I assured him that he could make the grade, even if only in some non-combatant unit, since he wears glasses.

I never saw a boy more set up than he was upon being passed. His first four weeks in the Army were normal and exciting. His mother, however, got in touch with a civilian psychiatrist who had some military contacts

and told him her son's history. This psychiatrist telephoned to a psychiatrist on the medical staff of the boy's camp. The boy was asked to report at the hospital where, after a brief interview, he was placed in a psychiatric ward. The let-down to his morale was terrific. After six weeks of idling and wondering in this ominous retreat he was discharged from the Army on neuro-psychiatric grounds, though without any definite diagnosis. Another boy had been officially branded "mentally unfit" at the very crossroad between mental health and uncertainty.

Only where the military authorities shake off the pressures of bandwagon psychiatry — or where realistic psychiatrists themselves resist the general trend — are potential neurotics cured instead of being made permanent invalids. Here is a case in point:

A twenty-one-year-old draftee, a thoroughly spoiled tantrum child of an over-indulgent mother, came up for his medical examination in fear and trembling. He told the medical officer about the fainting spells and heart attacks to which he was subject. "So what?" was the comment of the medical officer after examining the physical data, and the boy was passed.

A week later, after only a few days of Army life, the boy had what looked like a complete nervous breakdown and was put in a hospital. Here, without delay, an understanding psychiatrist took up his case. In a week the boy was out of the hospital and in two

more he was writing home enthusiastically. He had been given a detail! It was the first time that this spoiled, dependent child had ever been given the responsibility of supervising others. In a month he put on fifteen pounds. In six months he was admitted to Officers' Candidate School and he is now an officer in a battle zone.

II

That the extremists do not yet have a total stranglehold on the Army is suggested by one bright exception to the general trend recently reported by some psychiatrists at the front. These psychiatrists have apparently developed signal improvements in their handling of shell-shock. They have reversed the common practice of sending the victims out of the battle zone for complete rest in peaceful surroundings, where life is so soft that many do not recover for months, some not at all. Instead they keep the patients as near to their unit as possible, so that, though they are being rested and well fed, their comrades can visit them. This treatment, especially the contacts with their old associates, keeps them from sinking deeper and deeper into the morass of mental terror and snaps them out of the shocked condition, often in days instead of months.

But the exceptions only underline the evils of the general practice. In the last war there were 110,137 neuro-psychiatric casualties in the Army from April 1, 1917 to December 31,

1919 — a rate of 26 per thousand. It has been estimated that had it not been for the psychiatric examination before induction, 40,000 more casualties of this type might have occurred. Such casualties cost the government from \$30,000 to \$35,000 each. And yet, with a psychiatric screening process in the present war, which has already rejected 1,340,000 men before induction, the Army had discharged 216,000 neuro-psychiatric casualties as of Feb. 1, 1944. This is more than 40 per cent of all Army casualties and so far only a small fraction of the Army has seen action.

Does this mean that the youth of America is so much worse mentally and morally than during the last war? Possibly, but not necessarily. It does mean that the theories, terminology and practice of psychiatry have become so much more extensive and influential. Psychiatry is today more expert in seeking out the tender shoots of mental illness and nurturing them into full bloom. It shows a strange tendency, in handling draft-ees and soldiers, to translate moral values into pathological terms.

No one can read psychiatric literature today without coming across a statement substantially as follows:

We must do everything possible to help the public rid itself of the old-fashioned notion that mental troubles are something to be ashamed of. Alcoholism, phobias, tantrums, melancholia, extreme timidity, nervous breakdowns, etc. should be regarded and treated as mental illness which the patients can no more help nor control than an attack of measles. Life has become

too much for them. They are the victims not the authors.

That is the thesis which runs through much of our psychiatry in all its phases. It is a thesis which, when applied to millions of men still partly in their formative years, works havoc; and one that is wholly out of line with the conception of a tough, disciplined military establishment. It is no less at odds with experience, common sense and religion, insofar as these have agreed that man must be the master not the helpless object of his mental and emotional life.

There was a time when certain men could be described as having a weak character, as lacking in self-control, as sissies, poor sports, hypochondriacs, malingerers, etc. Today they are classified as schizophrenics, manic-depressives, paranoiacs, neurotics, psychopaths. Under these names the individual is no longer considered responsible for his weakness or softness, neither is his family nor school nor church. And now the Army has been added to the list.

Instead of facing and working out their own worries or mental troubles, people have increasingly flocked to the psychiatrists for diagnosis and psychotherapy. Only the cost has prevented the flow from becoming a flood. But millions of young men, already familiar with the vocabulary of mental disorders, who could not afford the luxury of converting some mild quirk into a fancy mental illness, are now able to do so. The military psychiatrists are on hand.

In the last war there were few psychiatrists, and consequently relatively few psychiatric 4-F's and casualties. Now psychiatrists, and doctors turned psychiatrists, are plentiful and the cases of "mentally unfit" are almost in direct proportion. The war is giving medical standing to a process of mental and moral softening the like of which the world has never seen.

"But," say the civilians who approve this softening, "the Army cannot risk the lives of many on one soldier who might blow up in a crisis." True, but beside the point. In the first place, for every front line job there are several behind-the-lines tasks in which doubtful men can serve usefully. More important, the year to two of training which our soldiers could be getting is an infinitely better test of a man's character and capacity than the verdict of any psychiatrist or any board of psychiatrists on all but the most obvious misfits. But naturally, so long as men are educated in psychiatric theories and encouraged to have recourse to psychiatric relief, the foundations for their military training are undermined in advance.

Mamma's boy, who used to run back to mamma, is now encouraged to fall back on the psychiatrist instead.

How psychiatry helps to create mental cases is peculiarly well illustrated in connection with malingering. In the last war we heard a good deal about the malingerer who tried to avoid service by faking some mental or physical disability. *Strenuous* means were taken to detect and disci-

pline these moral escapist. Many weaklings were rehabilitated. Even more important, many other men who might have been tempted to use the same means of escape were discouraged from the attempt. In this war we hear very little about malingering. It has been elevated from the level of plain and fancy lying to an intellectual, pseudo-scientific pursuit. The fellow who can talk to his examining psychiatrists in terms of his complexes, homosexual urges, phobias, anxiety neuroses, etc. stands an excellent chance of being rejected or discharged.

Real or imagined, the symptoms of many mental disturbances are extremely vague and uncertain. They cannot be diagnosed like the symptoms of physical illness. Even the psychological tests which psychiatrists are increasingly using are open to wide differences of interpretation. Yet hundreds of thousands of young men are being casually screened out or invalidated for life by Army psychiatry.

III

In a public address on April 24, General Hershey was reported in the *New York Times* as saying:

The two causes for rejection which have been most controversial are mental disease and educational deficiency. In the case of mental disease there is a feeling on the part of many of our citizens that the rejections are not justified in a large number of cases.

My point goes much further. It is

that in the very process of making these diagnoses, mental casualties are being created.

What applies to the diagnosis applies to the treatment. The two are indivisible. When psychiatrists brand a person's mental or emotional difficulty as an illness, and give it some technical name, that person becomes "a patient;" he has to be treated as a sick man. His not unnatural anxieties now become an anxiety neurosis; his fear, a phobia; his suspiciousness, a paranoia. He now expects and even demands consideration as a patient. He has been absolved from complete responsibility for his own behavior.

The result has been the substitution of psychiatric treatment for self-discipline, physical rest for physical exertion, medical sedatives for mental and moral stimuli. The use of sedatives has become one of the most common and immediate steps in treatment — the "psychic cocktail," as some have called it. The theory is that mental disorders are often due to an over-active mind, which is to a large extent true, and that the artificial slowing of the mind through sedative will be beneficial. Complete rest and isolation from the hard facts of life are, of course, only a step removed from medical sedatives. The fallacy, I believe, lies in the over-reliance on easy, artificial treatment, a form of escapism, in place of natural remedies of a more positive kind.

Widely publicized recently is the case of a man who was fired from his

job as a subway patrolman following his classification by the Army as a neuro-psychiatric 4-F and who was now "seeking to erase this mental stigma." Though diagnosed as emotionally unstable and unsuited to carry a gun, this man did not allow the heavy guns of psychiatric terminology to get him down. He obtained a new job as an aviation mechanic and has now engaged legal counsel to help him obtain a clean bill of health.

He is the exception, I fear. The great majority will carry the stigma on their minds and hearts forever, a hazard for their mental peace and an alibi for self-indulgence. The large-scale creation of mental invalids can and must be stopped. The imposition of a set of questionable psychiatric theories on our manhood of military age should not be ignored. It seems to me a far-reaching threat both to the military and civilian population.



THROUGH THE DAY

By WILBERT SNOW

THE waking smile of your sweet face
Becomes to me a morning grace.

The rolls and coffee at your side
Are bread and wine at Eastertide.

Your steady glance and firm farewell
Sustain me like a matin bell;

And thoughts of you, at my desk all day,
Are hyacinths in early May.

Exhausting burdens grow more light
As I anticipate the night

With you beside the kitchen fire
To feed my innermost desire;

And sleeping by your side I feel
The Force that makes the planets wheel.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Literature

AN ANTI-NAZI ALLEGORY

BY FRANCIS S. CAMPBELL

IT is little known in this country that a number of anti-Nazi writers in Germany have managed, subtly and by indirection, to carry on their fight with the pen inside the beleaguered fortress. Germany, unlike fascist Italy or Soviet Russia, has no advance censorship. Publishers often find their books confiscated, or further editions forbidden, *after* they are in the book shops. Thus it has been possible for works anti-Nazi in spirit to be published and circulated before their true intent was discovered.

The pioneer of daring literary activity under the swastika was Werner Hegemann, the author of *History Unmasked*, which he shrewdly dedicated to Hitler and Hindenburg. It was a masterpiece of double-talk and was avidly bought and read for a few months before the authorities cracked down on it. The author of a famous symbolic poem, *The Poppy*, Friedrich Georg Jünger, succeeded in avoiding arrest though the implications of his work are hardly in accord with Nazi ideas. But the most distinguished and successful of all anti-Nazi writers is this poet's brother, Captain Ernst

Jünger, a member of the Reichswehr and author of the extraordinary little allegorical novel, *Auf den Marmor-Klippen* (On the Marble Cliffs).

How the book and its author have survived is something of a mystery. Though the censorship prevented a second edition, the first has been in German libraries since its publication nearly five years ago. Every copy, I am reliably informed, has been worn to shreds by much reading and the contents of the anti-Nazi allegory are familiar to thousands of the more intelligent Germans whether they have read it personally or not. Abroad the book is known to only a few and it is likely to remain unknown, since its involved poetic style makes it practically translation-proof.

Captain Jünger was decorated in World War I with the *Pour le Mérite*, the highest distinction bestowed by Imperial Germany. Demobilized in 1924, he settled down as a writer. A mystic and a fanatic German patriot, his books and articles — a peculiar synthesis of the ideas of the extreme Right and the extreme Left — were sometimes acclaimed by the more naïve Nazis. But from the very start he treated their party with profound contempt and he has never

written a line in defense of Hitlerism.

On the Marble Cliffs appeared at Christmas, 1939. Perhaps the censors were impressed by an inscription on the title page: "Galleys corrected while with the Army, September 1939." It is not easy to describe this ghostly literary paraphrase of the rise of Nazism, this history in the form of intricate fable. The very *genre* of this poetical novelette has no parallel in English or American letters. Written in a brilliant style, it presents us with a scene that is more than slightly Dali-esque.

We are introduced to a country called Marina, in whose center is a tall mountain. Here two brothers, the heroes of the tale, have their chalet overlooking the whole region, its cities, swamps, fields and forests. The peaceful life of Marina, a bit out of balance since the war of Alta Plana, is suddenly menaced by the Head Ranger, who is organizing the rangers and shepherds to overthrow the existing order. The resistance of all the decent folk proves vain and the story ends in a terrible holocaust, as the survivors seek refuge in the countries of their former enemies.

Outwardly the thing seems just an exercise in style and imagery. But we can readily imagine the more intellectual Germans — behind closed doors and drawn shades — studying, expounding and debating various enigmatic passages. Though they may differ on their specific interpretations, they can scarcely have any doubt that it adds up to a bitter satire on the

whole Nazi episode in Germany's history. Frequently even the superficial reader is able to grasp the thinly covered meanings. The war of Alta Plana (on a "higher plane") is clearly the first World War. When Captain Jünger tells about the shepherds who slew their victims in order to send the corpses by mail to their relatives, no German needs a commentary.

Father Lampros of the Temple of Maria Lunaris, who sports a signet ring with the inscription "My patience has good reason," is obviously a personification of the Catholic Church. Biedenhorn, who is so inordinately fond of eating and drinking and has "the deep-seated cunning of the North which is so easily underestimated," is without doubt Marshal Goering. The character of the bloodthirsty and illogical Head Ranger fits only the Führer, though few readers of Jünger's book, we may be sure, make the identification aloud.

There are also characters in the book whose identity cannot be so readily guessed from the context. Some of them are deliberately disguised, but always with a few telltale details for the initiated. At first glance, for instance, the person of the "only decent shepherd" (*i.e.* Nazi), Belovar, "whom we called the Arnaut," is baffling. He is a man with a white beard and bushy black eyebrows. The white beard is the disguise; the black eyebrows are the tip-off. "Arnaut" is the Turkish equivalent of Albanian. The present dynasty of Egypt is

Albanian, and Rudolf Hess, born in Alexandria, was always nicknamed "the Egyptian." Since he is the owner of thick dark brows, we are hardly left in doubt whom the author had in mind.

A puzzle is presented to the curious reader by the grim black hounds with red collars who appear in the allegory. They have been used, it appears, to subdue the "Indians of Cuba" and the "Negroes of Jamaica." Yet a German of even modest intelligence recognizes the SS Élite Guards, with their black uniforms and red facings who have hunted down the Indians (Reds or socialists) and the Negroes (Blacks or Clericals).

Hitler as the Head Ranger is almost photographically portrayed. Jünger's language is rather poetical than precise, but the total picture is clear enough:

From these indications one could guess what had to be expected from the Head Ranger who, deep in his forests, waited for an opportunity to act. He, who loathed the plow, the wheat stalk, the grape and the tame animals, who hated the friendly homesteads and human frankness, did not care for such wealth. He was only truly happy when moss and ivy grew on the ruins of the cities and when in the gutted aisles of bombarded cathedrals the bat fluttered in the pale light of the moon.

There is even greater clarity in the analysis of the Head Ranger's strategy at home and abroad:

This showed the masterly manner in which the Head Ranger injected fear in doses which he increased gradually, finally achieving the paralysis of all resistance. The part he played in this confusion was

that of a supporter of law and order, but whereas his lesser agents fed the fires of anarchy in the guilds of the shepherds, the initiated managed to penetrate into the offices of the municipal councils where they were welcomed as the master-minds that would deal summarily with the mob. Thus the Head Ranger resembled a wicked doctor who first promotes illness in order to perform later the operation which he had from the beginning in mind.

II

There are many brilliant pages in the novel that require little interpretation. General Schleicher, who fell a victim to the blood purge of 1934, appears as General Braquemart; the French name is probably an allusion to Schleicher's Francophile tendencies, and the "Young Prince" of the allegory is easily detected as a personification of the German nobility, which was too old and tired to make its stand against the Head Ranger a success.

What of Jünger's own philosophy? He makes it clear in *On the Marble Cliffs* that he does not believe in the efficacy of arms and military methods which "merely cut or pierce." Writing about the period before the outbreak of the storm — Naxism — he says: "Our most important activity was the study of language, because we recognized in the word the miraculous blade in whose rays the power of tyrants pale away. There is noble strength in the trinity of freedom, the word and the spirit." It required inordinate courage to write this in Nazi Germany in the midst of a war!

It was in part because he believes in the magic power of the word that Captain Jünger wrote this book, we may assume. In part, no doubt, it was because he wished to leave a will and testament if something untoward should happen to him, as had happened to other officers. Although his brother, the poet, doubted the value of the little novel (it is a "futile undertaking to make music for the deaf," is the way he put it), Ernst Jünger insisted on publication. "Print," he explained in a foreword, "mysteriously contains the seal to something closed and immutable, a sight that delights even the lonely. We prefer to go when everything is in order. . . ."

This novelist-soldier is today the spokesman of those elements in the German Army which from the outset have hated the Nazis with a weird intensity. But Jünger has broken openly with militarism — he whose book *Der Arbeiter* was an apotheosis

of armed totalitarianism. In 1941, alive and still writing despite *On the Marble Cliffs* he published another book, in diary form, under the title *Gardens and Roads*.

In this he wrote:

We could imagine that the goddess of war and the goddess of wisdom appear at one of the crossroads of our younger years; the former with the promise to teach us how to use twenty regiments in a military engagement, the latter offering us the gift of forming with twenty words a sentence of absolute perfection. And then it might easily happen that we would choose Athene's laurels, which grow more rarely and invisibly upon the rocky precipices of our existence."

To this Hitler's chief mouthpiece, the Munich *Völkischer Beobachter*, replied on March 24, 1942: "Twenty regiments have for us at all times a greater importance." But the issue between the poet and the Head Ranger is by no means settled by that dictum.

Surgery

MODERN LUNG SURGERY SAVES LIVES

BY LEONA ALBERTS WASSERSUG

IF the young soldier had not stripped to the waist to display his scar, the story that he told would have seemed incredible. But there it was on his back — a thin, delicate scar that ex-

tended from under his left shoulder blade upward toward his spine. That scar was mute evidence of one of the miracles of modern surgery.

The soldier had had a disease called *bronchiectasis*. Doctors at the Walter Reed General Hospital had operated on him, removed the lower portion (lobe) of the left lung and the dis-

LEONA ALBERTS WASSERSUG, wife of a physician, received her S.B. from Simmons College and for a short time was a laboratory technician. During the past two years she has written many popular accounts of medical and scientific achievements.

eased, tongue-like projection of the upper lobe; and he was again fit for military duty. The cough, sputum, and blood-spitting had vanished. He had been faced with the probability of a progressive disability for the rest of his life. But modern surgery had restored his health to him.

It is difficult to realize that it is only during the past ten or fifteen years that lung surgery has been made as safe as major surgery in other parts of the body. Chest surgery has become a highly specialized field, and, of all surgical endeavors, it is probably the one that has shown the greatest amount of recent progress. In 1932 (only twelve years ago) the average mortality for the type of operation to which our soldier was subjected was 34 per cent. Besides, less than one-half of the 66 per cent that were fortunate enough to survive had satisfactory results. On the other hand, during the past five years the mortality for this same operation has averaged about 5 per cent, and each year its safety is increasing. No deaths at all were reported by two surgeons in their latest series of twenty-five consecutive cases.

Many factors have worked together to bring about this gratifying reduction in the risk of lung surgery. It had been noted, for example, that whenever the chest was opened by the surgeon, air rushed in, and the lung suddenly became deflated and collapsed. This often unhinged the delicate respiratory balance. Under these circumstances breathing was

dangerously embarrassed and death was not infrequently the outcome. But now, thanks to precise methods of controlling the pressure within the lungs, deflation is prevented. As a result, this accident has become avoidable. The experienced anesthetist applies a tight-fitting mask over the patient's face and merely feeds the proper gas-mixture under pressure. Or, even more directly, he inserts a tube into the windpipe or major air passages, and thus handles each lung independently.

These improvements in the technique of anesthesia have brought with them parallel changes in the surgeon's management of disorders arising within the chest. The surgeon now is not forced to hurry his operation, but, instead, he may proceed deliberately and precisely. Earlier methods, characterized as slapdash by Major Brian Blades of the Army Medical Corps, have been entirely discarded. Important anatomical structures within the chest can be examined carefully and treated individually. Surgical shock can be prevented or treated, if it does arise, by the administration of blood or plasma. The use of oxygen for two or three days after an operation has helped eliminate other complications and hasten recovery.

Chest surgery has therefore been made reasonably safe. Is it equally true that the patients can be cured, or at least helped, by such an operation? In most instances, yes. Whether cure may be effected depends first, of course, upon the diagnosis, and, sec-

only, upon the extent of the disease. For example, a tumor of the lung may be surgically removable in its early stages but inoperable when its growth and spread have become excessive.

By the application of recent technical developments, the diagnosis of lung diseases can be established with at least as much accuracy as the diagnosis of comparable disorders arising elsewhere in the body. Nowadays, in the great majority of cases, the surgeon can determine in advance the exact nature of the disease and the extent of the operation required. This greater precision in diagnosis (as well as the lowered risk involved) has tremendously increased the patient's chances of being benefited or even permanently cured by surgery.

In order to illustrate the multiplicity of modern methods that enable the lung surgeon to be exact in his pre-operative diagnosis, let us follow, say, one Mr. Jones into his doctor's office. We shall assume that Mr. Jones is a 45-year-old accountant, and that he has just coughed up a couple of mouthfuls of blood. He has never been so frightened in all his life. His doctor questions him, examines his chest, and obtains a specimen of sputum for analysis later in the laboratory. So far the results are inconclusive. The doctor suspects that the patient has either tuberculosis or a lung tumor.

Jones, who is an ideal patient and follows his doctor's advice, now has an X-ray taken of his chest. The X-ray specialist, after studying the films,

suspects that the bleeding may be due to bronchiectasis in the lower portion of his right lung. But here again a definite decision may be impossible on the basis of the ordinary X-ray film.

This confusing situation is soon resolved. A few mornings later Mr. Jones goes to the hospital before breakfast. His throat is deadened by an anesthetic spray, and a small quantity of bland iodized poppyseed oil is dribbled into the right lung. The procedure is simple and painless. The iodized oil outlines the tubular air passages inside the lung, and they can now be seen in perfect silhouette when an X-ray is taken. This type of X-ray is called a *bronchogram*; it gives the surgeon his first real clue to the diagnosis. In this case the bronchogram does not show any puddles of oil such as are commonly seen in bronchiectasis. Instead, a slight interference to the passage of oil is noted in one of the bronchial tubes. A tumor or other obstructive growth is therefore strongly suspected. But what kind of growth, precisely?

Again Jones goes to the hospital to have his throat anesthetized. This time a telescopic device called a *bronchoscope* is inserted into the windpipe and the bronchial tubes are viewed from within. In this way the abnormality within the lung can be examined under direct vision. If necessary, a tiny bit of tumor can be snipped out and sent to the laboratory for exact pathological diagnosis. All this evidence proves that Jones has a dangerous growth on his lung but, fortunately,

nately, it is in its early stages. Now, with X-rays, bronchogram, and bronchoscope, the surgeon has all the information he needs. He knows the disease with which he must deal, its extent, and its location. If necessary, the entire right lung may be removed and Jones may be given reasonable assurance of cure.

II

Of course, not every case involving surgery of the lung is as much of a problem as this one. Our hypothetical patient was put through the gamut of diagnostic tests in order to demonstrate the wide range of methods that may be employed for safeguarding his health and his life. This greater precision in pre-operative diagnosis has, probably more than any other single factor, increased the reliability of lung surgery.

Consider cancer of the lung. For some medically obscure reasons, the number of cases of lung cancer is apparently increasing. This fact is brought out clearly by statistics such as those from the Philadelphia Naval Hospital. Here, during the thirty-one-month period from January 1, 1937, to August 1, 1939, the diagnosis of cancer of the lung was made in thirty cases; but in the shorter period of twenty-one months, from January 1, 1941, to October 1, 1942, the number of cases had increased to forty-seven. In the United States each year this type of growth kills about 15,000 persons. Next to cancer of the stomach, it is be-

lieved to be the most common malignant growth in the male. One obvious reason for the *apparent* increase in the number of persons who have cancer of the lung is that the newer diagnostic methods have enabled doctors to find cases which, in the past, might not have been discovered.

Although cancer of the lung is a serious disease, its ravages are being constantly reduced and an increasingly greater number of lives are being salvaged by experts in thoracic surgery. One such expert, Dr. Richard H. Overholt, thoracic surgeon of the New England Deaconess Hospital, in Boston, recently reported a detailed analysis of his statistics in a journal entitled *Diseases of the Chest*. In the group of cases that he analyzed, he found thirty-two patients that were suitable for a "curative" lung operation. Of these, twenty were probably cured of their disease. Twenty persons, otherwise doomed, were given a second chance at life! Lieutenant-Commander Ferdinand Fetter, of the Naval Medical Corps Reserve, has also pointed out that in the hands of a skilled surgeon the outlook for patients who have cancer of the lung is "comparatively good." He further predicts that as more men are trained in chest surgery, more patients will be cured.

As for bronchiectasis (to get back to our soldier), surgery has been able to offer prompt dramatic cure for a disease that has been notoriously stubborn to medical management. Just how bronchiectasis gets started is not

known for certain, but what happens is that the small fine ends of the air passages lose their elasticity and cannot therefore function normally. As a result, secretions, which would be ordinarily expelled from the lungs without conscious effort, form tiny stagnant puddles in which bacteria grow and flourish. This leads to repeated attacks of coughing, the production of large quantities of disagreeable sputum, and frequent bouts of pneumonia. Often starting in childhood, the disease resists most medical forms of treatment.

In 1922, two French physicians, J. A. Sicard and J. Forestier, cautiously dripped some iodized oil down the windpipe of a few patients, and found that, as result of this application, the bronchial passages could easily be mapped out by X-ray in excellent detail. As a result of their work and the pioneer experiments of Dr. Chevalier Jackson, practically every patient has a bronchogram before being subjected to an operation for bronchiectasis. In this way the exact extent of the disease is determined. All the unhealthy lung tissue can be cut away; all the normal structures can be conserved.

If necessary, the surgeon can remove the lower lobes of both lungs, or even more. In some cases, on the other hand, the excision of just a tiny portion of one lung may be adequate to effect a cure.

Even in infants the diagnosis of bronchiectasis may be made with certainty and the proper therapeutic

steps taken. At the Hospital for Sick Children, in Toronto, bronchograms revealed this disease to be present in twelve children under the age of two years and in 230 under fourteen years of age. At the Temple University Hospital, in Philadelphia, the diagnosis was positively established in an infant thirteen months old.

Contrary to what might be expected, children withstand the operative removal of a portion of lung better than adults. Dr. A. T. Edwards operated on thirty-eight patients under the age of sixteen without a single death. Such a high degree of operative safety must be contrasted with the discouraging fact that bronchiectasis has ordinarily a poor prognosis when it begins early in life. In a recent statistical analysis of ninety-six patients who developed this disease before the age of ten years, 65 per cent were dead within twenty years and 90 per cent were dead within 30 years. With children, the lung surgeons take but little operative risk and offer the prospect of permanent cure.

Most recently these surgeons have tackled with renewed enthusiasm the most distressing of all lung afflictions — tuberculosis. This disease, which stands sixth among the leading causes of death in all age groups and first as the killer of young adults, is important not only because of its death toll, but also because it is a chronic and costly illness. Months and years may be required for its cure. But by applying the methods used in other lung disorders chest surgeons hope to find

a shorter, safer, surer road to a cure.

Tuberculosis is by no means a foreign field for surgeons. For years they had tried to promote healing within the lung but their approach was, of necessity, only an indirect one. A variety of operations was designed to rest the lung or collapse it. If simple procedures failed, ribs were often stripped from the chest wall and the entire chest was reduced to a fraction of its original size. And, although such operations as these help many patients, they are objectionable in some ways and are far from ideal.

For years a more direct approach to the problem was earnestly sought by surgeons and medical doctors alike. And then, in 1934 — a brief decade ago — Dr. S. O. Freedlander reported that he had successfully removed the upper portion of a patient's lung. Since then other surgeons have repeatedly proved that some cases of tuberculosis can be best treated by removal or excision of the diseased portions of lung. Either the entire lung or a single lobe can be taken out. During the past ten years Dr. Richard

H. Overholt has performed such operations at least sixty-three times. On the basis of this vast experience, Doctor Overholt believes: "A tuberculous lung offers no unusual problems of resection . . . resection must be given consideration in the choice of methods" (of treatment). Colonel Edward D. Churchill, of the Army Medical Corps, has found that by selectively removing only the infected lobe, lung function is generally better conserved than it is by some of the older methods of treatment. Other advantages are that the duration of the illness is reduced and the patient is rendered more promptly non-infective to others.

Lung surgery is still in its infancy but it appears to be a healthy child with a bright future. Its capabilities need further testing, and it must attain to greater maturity before its possibilities — and its limitations — can be scientifically defined. Given the opportunity to mature properly, it may prove to be a boon little short of miraculous in the salvaging of human life.



To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of the ignorant.

— AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT

► Now it can be told—that the
Island stood defenseless.

BRITAIN'S DARKEST HOUR

By HECTOR BOLITHO

DURING the early mornings of 1940 Londoners used to see Mr. Neville Chamberlain snatching a breath of fresh air in St. James's Park, smiling benevolently at the sailors and soldiers as he made his way to his desk in Downing Street. The war was young then and Britons weren't even consciously self-assured because there had been no dismay to make them examine their own danger. The silver balloons were in the sky and entanglements of barbed wire had already been spread on the grass verges of the London parks. But there were no doubts. Britain's pilots and soldiers were in France, safe in the promise of victory.

Mr. Chamberlain, benign and undoubting, was the symbol of Britain's complacency. In one hand he carried gloves; in the other a correctly rolled umbrella, in memory of the *Pax Umbrellica* which he had signed in Munich two years before. He used to walk slowly, pausing to stroke the famous black cat of Downing Street, since dead, which always squatted on the step of No. 10. The whole picture was elegant, self-assured, and terribly dangerous.

Then came the changes of early summer. On May 10, the blood of the country was quickened by news of the German invasion of Holland . . . then Belgium and Luxemburg. So a new Prime Minister climbed the steps of 10 Downing Street each morning, in too much of a hurry to bother about the fresh air in the park. He carried neither umbrella nor gloves. His clothes were incongruous: an air commodore's great coat over a boiler suit, and a warrior-like tin hat. He walked quickly, chin stuck out, without pausing to be either benign or gracious, because there was alarm in his heart. He knew that the pilots and soldiers were *not* safe in France and that it was his task to warn Britain of her danger. "If you ask what our policy is," he said, "it is to wage war."

A few weeks later Mr. Churchill was in France, begging the French not to capitulate. "We will go on fighting," he said. "What with?" asked the French. "I don't know," he answered. "I haven't had time to think about that yet."

So he came back. France crumpled

HECTOR BOLITHO is at present serving with the RAF Voluntary Reserve, with the rank of Squadron Leader, and is assigned as public relations officer in the Air Ministry. He is one of the most widely-read English biographers.

in on her political perfidy and Britain was alone. The Germans were able to move their guns up to the coast and shell Dover, and they flew their aircraft to the French airfields. Farmers on the shore of England ploughed their fields with shells falling about them, and on clear days we could hear gunfire across the Channel. The war had truly come to England's doorstep.

The British islanders soon forsook the high notions with which they had begun the war. They stopped shaking their heads over the Poles and Czechs and Transylvanians, and as the Germans crept nearer, the British became coldly insular and began to shake their heads over themselves. A century of misguided diplomacy, which had taught Britons to care too much about Europe and not enough about their own kind across the Atlantic, suddenly lay revealed in all its error. The day of policing Europe was over for the British and the day for saving themselves had begun.

On May 27, 1940, while the nine hundred odd vessels were bringing our soldiers back from Dunkirk, the Royal Air Force shot down twenty-eight Germans for Britain's loss of five. On May 28, they shot down fifty and disabled twenty-eight, for a loss of fourteen. One hundred and seventy-nine of the enemy were shot down before the evacuation ended, for a loss of twenty-nine. Beneath the umbrella of combat, the soldiers had waited. The Guards, erect and unblinking, with the ghosts of Agincourt, Blenheim, and Ypres before

their eyes, stood shoulder to shoulder in the surf, knocked over into death like ninepins in a bowling alley.

One of the British pilots who escaped returned to England and landed. He gathered motor car oil and petrol together, plugged the bullet holes in his aircraft with chewing gum, and returned to fight over the terrible waters. He was a symbol of the spirit that was preparing to slay, when the Battle of Britain began.

Three hundred and thirty-five thousand soldiers were brought back, and the loss was six destroyers, a mine sweeper, a gunboat, and twenty-two small craft. Women pressed the backs of their hands against their temples as the wounded were carried past—long, terrible lines of half dead men, who choked the hospitals. They were spread on the floors of coast town cinemas, where school children had laughed at Fred Astaire a week before.

But there was a considerable army left in France. Two thousand four hundred British guns were in the hands of the enemy, and all the transport and tanks that had been with the army in the north: seven hundred tanks and fifty thousand vehicles in all. Mr. Churchill gave Britain the phrase which guided her emotions and steadied her reason. It was a "miracle of deliverance," he said, "not a victory." So apathy died, but terror did not take its place.

Britain was a poorly armed country. One of the men who were to blame, Ramsay Macdonald, was dead. The other, Stanley Baldwin, had re-

tired to the country, with the forgiveness of an indulgent people and the remnants of his conscience to console him. The country had sent almost everything she had across the water with her soldiers. The official handout said, "Before Dunkirk all available reserves of equipment were required to equip, to their war scale, the units which went overseas. This left at home only sufficient for the training of units preparing for active service." Then the grave statement, "When the equipment of ten complete divisions, together with that of the accompanying corps and army troops were lost, the army faced the threat of invasion with a grave shortage."

II

Now the true figures are known. Britain's forces at home were less than a score of divisions against the German's two hundred. Her equipment was hardly adequate for a tenth of her normal forces. Captain Margesson admitted these facts a year later. "Of tanks," he said, "there were virtually none." In 1942, more figures came to light. Lord Beaverbrook said on April 23, "Forty-seven warships were sunk in the operations off Norway and Dunkirk. When the evacuation was over, half the destroyer fleet lay awaiting repairs in the shipyards." The Royal Air Force, which was to become the pride of the land, had lost 40 per cent of its bomber strength during forty-two days of fighting in the Battle of France.

The human memory is selective and Britons don't remember those days very clearly, because the horror of them has passed, and perhaps the lesson they taught has passed with them. But they do remember the curious loneliness they felt during the time when the war suddenly became their own: when they looked across a channel to Europe in dismay and across an ocean to America with hope in their hearts. What matters now is the spirit that was born of this loneliness; the sudden proof that Britain was not decadent; that she could turn her native stubbornness and arrogance into a sword of defiance, and her independence and her talent for improvisation into preparation for what was to come.

Then Hitler made his cardinal error: he did not invade. Two and a half years afterwards, Mr. Churchill said that he had often asked himself, during those first months, what would have happened if Hitler had "put three-quarters of a million men on board all the barges and let them stream across," taking the chance of "losing three-quarters of them." But Hitler did not take the chance. Mr. Churchill has since admitted the facts of Britain's weakness: facts which were hidden from her at the time. He has said, "There would have been a terrible shambles in this country because we had hardly a weapon. We had not at that time fifty tanks." He said this when the darkness had passed and when the factories had produced 12,000 tanks. He said also that after

Dunkirk there were not more than a couple of hundred field guns in the country.

The Home Guard, long after its founding in May 1940, had to go to bizarre lengths to arm itself, however poorly. The 49th Lancashire Battalion, for instance, borrowed several score of old Snyder rifles from Bellevue Zoological Gardens, Manchester — rifles that had been used in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny! The 55th County of Lancaster Battalion could find nothing better than six-foot spears, the 10th Norfolk Battalion borrowed from a local museum the weapons on exhibition there, and there is even a record of a platoon rigged out with twenty-four cutlasses and commanded by an old naval rating. The 30th Middlesex Battalion was the most unfortunate of all: for a long time it had nothing better than broom handles, which it used for drilling purposes. Individuals armed themselves with anything they could get hold of, from ancient sporting guns to bombs improvised from beer bottles, cocoa-tins, and whatnot.

As the summer of 1940 passed and winter came, a miracle of industry spread over Britain. The result of that miracle increased her farm produce by 75 per cent. It has armed her forces in Africa and sent them on to Sicily. It has trained thousands of Canadian soldiers in Britain and it has bombed the cities of Germany and sent the waters of the Moehne reservoir thundering into the valley of the Ruhr. One of the most important parts of

the miracle came through self-discipline, expressed in economy and salvage strange in a people who live on overdrafts and who hoard and fill their house with junk. The English like their attics and spare rooms to be piled high with their grandmothers' possessions; it is part of their sense of continuity. But, in those summer months of 1940, salvage became a crusade and economy became a fever. During the days after Dunkirk, when Britons felt so dependent upon their own resources, people emptied their houses of all they could spare.

The most remarkable figure in salvage came from London. Almost every iron railing was torn up from parks and gardens. The result was a delight to the eye. Squares became like village greens and parks melted naturally into the shape of the city, because there were no iron barriers — remnant of the possessive Victorian defenses of the rich — to keep the scruffy ones at bay. The iron railings from London alone produced 140,000 tons of metal; enough to make 140 destroyers or sixteen cruisers. Old writing desks were emptied because a postcard would make fifty cartridge wads. Gramophone records to which the soldiers had danced in the spring of ten years before, were turned out because they could be made into accumulator tops for aircraft. When Londoners went to the tobacconist for their cigarettes, they carried them away loose in their hands because sixty big cigarette cartons would make one shell container.

Britons thought in those terms. A country with the second highest spending power in the world learned to mend the worn wrists of jackets with leather; men who bought a pound of apples on the way home put them into their pockets, to save one paper bag for better purposes. One shivered when one saw an American, newly arrived here, cut the string of a parcel. Business men emptied their key chains of all that they did not need, because forty-two keys would make a steel helmet . . . and a steel helmet was more useful to them than a clutter of old keys. It was all part of the coldly practical character of the English; the character which made it possible for them to change their habits overnight.

They made themselves old and tired with work. Men of forty became white-haired in a few months. Visitors who flew here from America said we looked pale and anxious; they remarked on the fact that people fell asleep in trains.

Two other qualities were bred at the same time; cohesion and kindly humor. Rich and poor felt that they were in the maelstrom together — there was a bond between the woman who gave up her old aluminum saucepans and the pilot flying his Spitfire up to the sun in conflict. She saw the saucepans in which she had stirred scrambled eggs, suddenly become airborne and belligerent. The thought passed through her mind and made her smile. A sort of divine grace seemed to settle on the land. It passed with the

danger, for with the promise of victory human nature is already assuming its old sins. But for those few months, when peril cleansed Britons of fake, one really believed that Christianity was alive again.

Kindness and laughter became important antidotes when Britain realized that the Germans were sinking her ships faster than she could build them. It was not until two and a half years afterwards that the people were aware of the full horror of their position in those days. A speaker in the House of Commons in the summer of 1943 admitted that two and a half years before, the country was on the brink of famine. Britain was saved from this famine by the United States: she fed the hungry island from her granaries and her stores. She may have been slow to make up her mind but she had already made up her heart.

III

Two other manifestations are of importance in any historical estimate of Britain during the months before the Battle of Britain: the development of hatred, and the honesty with which people told of their physical fear.

Neither Britons nor Americans are good haters. Hatred of the Germans was lukewarm in Britain when the war began, because rancor does not come easily to the British, and perhaps because of their aloofness and their belief in their own superiority. The British pity foreigners and therefore find it difficult to hate them.

In the fair month of May, when Mr. Chamberlain still walked in the park, a German bomber came down near Clacton. Its magnetic mine exploded, killing the German crew and killing or wounding over 150 civilians. But there was little bitterness, it seemed. English women put posies on the graves of the dead enemy. About the same time a German pilot came down in a field in Kent. RAF officers took him back to their mess and gave him tea and cigarettes. It was not until later that they learned that he had shot down one of their own pilots who had bailed out; shot him while he was falling with his parachute. But the tune changed after Dunkirk. A month after the women of Clacton had placed their posies on the German graves, some captured German airmen from Flanders walked through the town. The women had to be held back from revenge. One of the pilots who had helped the German pilot to a sandwich wrote to me, a month after, "I hate their bloody guts." This was one of the miracles that followed Dunkirk — the turning of the water of apathy into the red wine of revenge.

It will be difficult, in a century's time, for historians of other countries to comprehend the emotions of Britain in what is now called her darkest hour, to realize how stubborn and defiant Britons became, in their loneliness. It was Mr. Churchill who wrote our history in the moment it was being made. He said, "We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be; we shall fight on the beaches; we shall

fight in the fields and in the streets."

This is what we prepared to do. It is almost funny now, to go through the English countryside and see the barricades of old carts, and trees felled across the roads — pathetic little souvenirs of our fear. The carts and old motor cars that were to be our barricades are rusting beside the road.

Now our vision embraces the world once more, with allies to stimulate our faith, with Americans and Britons deep in Italy, and the thunder of our vengeance already setting the coasts of Europe on fire. All this is tremendous. But there was nothing tremendous in the months of unarmed anxiety — except the renaissance of the English spirit.

There is also the clear honesty of our mind to be remembered. I have never heard a pilot hesitate to confess fear. He knows that fear is inevitable in an intelligent man and that he cannot conquer it, but that he can adapt it so that it is part of his intelligence and sensibility. I have heard many a pilot state, quite frankly, in a crowded room, "I have never been so afraid in all my life." This honesty was healthy and it pervaded the land — battlers and civilians alike.

I do not know whether American children learn the poem about the boy who stood upon the burning deck, whence all but he had fled. It is a jingling piece which was hammered down our throats when we were young. Now we know that it was a wisp of pompous Victorian humbug and that

the boy was a fool to stand there when escape was possible. May we take it that education has improved the broad standard of intelligence during the past quarter of a century and that those months of danger provided an interesting proof of this. They showed that the mass of people, by intelligently admitting fear, halved the dangers arising from it. We talked of fear and studied it.

A farmer friend of mine who had noticed that women were less afraid of bombs than men — always rushing into the street to watch battles in the air — came to the conclusion that women, having less imagination than men, had more physical courage. Then he watched the animals on his farm, in a part of the country which was continuously shelled and bombed. He saw that the male beasts — horses, cattle, and dogs — ran about nervously during the bombing while the females took it all rather calmly.

This is an avenue of research which is not important here, except that it shows how reasonable and frank we were; how free of humbug in considering our own reactions to the dangers that threatened us.

IV

Now almost four years have passed since all this, and we begin to wonder if the early summer of 1940 was Britain's darkest hour after all. When we remember what was born of those weeks, it seems wiser to call them Britain's greatest spiritual experience of

the war. We saw courage and independence and honesty blossom over night.

But nearly four years have had their mellowing influence upon these startling virtues. The grabbing has begun and voices are losing their gentleness. We know that the one hope of Britain, not as a world power but as an honest people, lies in the survival of the spirit of 1940. Does the sight of victory already dilute that spirit? Is the war merely a cynical attempt to save us as we were? Or is it a vast spiritual opportunity through which we shall emerge, using those powers that were given us in our darkest hour, to take our place in the world, not because of what Britain was but because of what she ought to become?

Britons like doting on the past. During a war, the present is melancholy and the future uncertain, so we like sighing for the musky smell of old avenues. Only the past is safe. But safety is dangerous, and the Briton who looks upon victory as safety is already beginning the third world war. We know quite clearly that it is only by keeping the spirit of those dark months alive that we can prevent this horror. So we find ourselves wondering where we are to find our leadership in this renaissance. Good men know that this leadership was given to them two thousand years ago. But churches and creeds have confused the wise voice that spoke on the shores of Galilee. It seems to be lost in the archives of time.

It won't be a politician who will provide the leadership we need, for politicians must be clever men who thrive upon crisis. The need is for a wise man, which is more, who can guide his country by avoiding crisis. If that wise man does not arise, then Britain's leadership must come from

within herself: each Briton's leadership must come from within himself. It can come only if Dunkirk and the months that followed are not forgotten, not turned into an incident in history, but used as a living power during the frightening responsibilities of peace.



"Better take a good look, Karl."

► *The actors of Norway refuse to collaborate with Nazis.*

SABOTAGE BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

By ALBIN E. JOHNSON

FOR almost four years Norway's actors and actresses have been driving the Nazi propaganda authorities to frenzied and futile distraction. Despite threats, imprisonment, torture, and even murder, they have revised the theatre's traditional slogan to read, "The Nazi play must *not* go on."

The first German attempt to harness the Norwegian theatre to Goebel's propaganda wagon was sly. Groups of so-called guest actors were imported from Berlin and Hamburg, to fraternize with Norwegian actors and create "cultural solidarity" between the nations. These German performers were snubbed completely in Norway, and soon retreated to the Reich in disappointed confusion.

The Nazi and Quisling authorities then tried bribery, promising financial rewards and stardom to actors who would take part in stage, screen or radio productions boosting the Master Race. The net catch in Oslo: a measly two Quislings. Even the poorest "ham" and the most ambitious understudy refused to com-

promise his patriotism for fame and fortune. The lives of those who yielded to temptation very soon became unbearable, and their stage careers ended, as far as appearance before the footlights was concerned. There was too much danger that a heavy piece of scenery might unaccountably drop upon their heads. Such "unavoidable accidents" have more than once been reported.

Angered over these rebuffs, Reichscommissar Terboven, the German Governor of Norway, issued an official decree ordering all actors to participate in propaganda pieces. The penalty for refusal was severe: debarment from all theatres in the country, and loss of unemployment benefits. But the actors, at a secret meeting, voted unanimously to ignore the proclamation and continue their non-cooperation.

The Nazis now countered with a peremptory order for all actors to return to the theatre. They warned that recalcitrants would be considered saboteurs and punished accordingly — meaning that they would be killed.

ALBIN E. JOHNSON was foreign correspondent in Europe and the Far East from 1919 to 1936. Since 1942 he has been in Finland and Sweden, writing independently for American magazines and newspapers.

Still, with scarcely a break in their ranks, the actors stood firm.

In May 1941, the Nazis personalized their efforts to whip the Norwegian stage into line. They officially "requested" eight leading actors and actresses to assume propaganda rôles. All refused. They were promptly barred from all theatres, deprived of relief funds, and told, "Go and starve." But they didn't exactly do this. The Quisling police and the Gestapo would give much — if only to complete their records — to know the source of the unlimited funds that have supported through four long years and that continue to support the Norwegian Theatre Guild's fight against Nazification.

The actors' guilds in Oslo, Trondheim, and Bergen rallied round their colleagues and called a strike which emptied the city theatres. All members of the Oslo guild signed personal pledges to support one another to the bitter end. These documents are safely hidden in the underground archives, awaiting the revelation of the honor roll at the end of the war.

The next move of the Nazis was to arrest as hostages the actors' delegates — who are liaisons between the players and directors — in each of Oslo's eight theatres. Nevertheless, the strike continued. Finally the authorities released the hostages. But at the same time they arrested the National Theatre's three directors — Harald Grieg and Professors Bull and Sejersted-Bödtker — and threw them into the Grini concentration camp.

These men were replaced with Quislingites headed by playwright Finn Halvorson. Bull and Sejersted-Bödtker are still rotting in Grini. Grieg was recently paroled.

Sejersted-Bödtker, sixty years old and physically feeble, is rapidly becoming a national symbol of resistance. Nightly, before the guards order lights out, he sits on the edge of his bunk surrounded by fellow prisoners, recites from his inexhaustible memory scenes from Ibsen and other playwrights, and quotes the patriotic passages from Norway's famous writers. Said one escaped prisoner, "He is the embodiment of Norway's unbreakable spirit."

At Trondheim, Henry Gleditsch, leader of the city's aggressive theatrical saboteurs, was among ten prominent citizens designated for execution by the local Quisling führer, Rogstad. The Gestapo men arrested him at the theatre.

"Can I get a sweater?" he asked his captors.

"You won't need it where you're going," was the reply.

"I know what that means," Gleditsch told the actors in bidding them farewell.

That night the Gestapo men forced him to dig his own grave, shot him in the back of the neck with a revolver, and pushed his naked body into the pit. But Gleditsch has not been forgotten, by either his friends or his enemies. Almost nightly Quisling Rogstad's telephone rings. When he answers he hears a sepulchral voice,

"This is Gleditsch calling." Gleditsch is dead, but his ghost walks backstage in the theatres of Norway.

As the autumn 1942 season approached, the Quisling theatre commissar, Finn Halvorson, submitted new contracts to the actors. When they refused to sign because they would not participate in propaganda pieces, Halvorson genially remarked, "That won't be necessary. We have decided on other kinds of productions." Although skeptical of Halvorson's sincerity, the actors decided to accept the contracts. But before they signed they had the delegates put in writing their understanding of the Quisling director's statement. "We have good memories," says Jern Ording, one of the Oslo National Theatre's leading men, "and we separately, almost word for word, wrote down our interpretation of what he had promised." To his contract each actor attached a copy of the memorandum. Halvorson refused to initial them. Thus ended the strike phase, with an apparent victory for the actors.

The theatres reopened in September featuring Ibsen and similar acceptable plays. But peace was short-lived. Before Christmas the Nazis started putting the screws on the actors to appear in radio and screen propaganda sketches. Again they encountered stubborn resistance. One actor was lured into the broadcasting station with the understanding that he was to take part in a Christmas sketch by Hans Christian Anderson. He found there only a few Quisling hirelings

and derelicts, and immediately withdrew followed by insults and threats such as, "Send him to Germany. Kill the dirty Jossing." Unable to obtain prominent artists, the Nazis resorted to the subterfuge of broadcasting prewar recordings made by the stars without announcing that the programs weren't personal appearances. This strategy failed utterly either to deceive the public or to break down the actors' solidarity. It resulted only in a new jocular greeting amongst the actors, "I heard you on the radio last night, you Quisling."

The public wholeheartedly supports the actors. When the Germans staged a show they were particularly anxious to popularize, the tickets sold like hot-cakes. But when the curtain rose, the theatre was empty except for a few score Germans and Quislings. The patriotic ticket-buyers had stayed home. Gestapo men scoured the streets, sweeping in soldiers on leave to fill the boycotted spaces.

Another typical instance of subtle resistance was the première of *The Happy Election*. The leading man, Quisling Jens Holstad, spent the afternoon at a Nazi reception at Oslo's suburb of Drammen. When he started for the theatre, local police arrested him, alleging drunkenness. Despite his frantic protestations and attempts to identify himself, he wasn't "properly recognized" until after midnight, too late to play his rôle.

At the theatre, Holstad's place was taken by the Nazi prompter, Johan Hauge, who tried to read from the

script. The actors indulged in horse-play throughout the show, engaging in onstage controversies with the discomfited Hauge as to whether he should sit or stand while reciting his lines. One scene was re-enacted three times.

The actresses are often as courageous as the men. In one play, a disreputable character was named Adolf. The authorities ordered the name changed. The leading lady, however, persisted through "force of habit" in calling the man Adolf until she was summoned to Gestapo headquarters for a memory course.

II

A classic example of the tribulations of the Norwegian actors is the experience of Jern Ording, now a refugee in Sweden. It is best related in Ording's modest and undramatic words:

I was first arrested three hours before the premiere of *Water Spirit*, in which I was to play the lead. They took me to Gestapo headquarters, where I was subjected to unrelenting questioning. I refused to admit that I had distributed relief payments to my striking colleagues. So they took me to Moellergatan Prison. Here they threatened torture, such as the thumbscrews and spreadeagle, unless I told them the source of my finances. I still refused, and finally they gave up and released me. I arrived at the theatre at 1 A.M., and found that the audience was still patiently waiting for me. I got the greatest ovation of my life — but it wasn't on account of my performance on the stage.

In March 1943, Ording was arrested for the second time. The Quisling

directors inexplicably offered to cancel the contracts of all who were discontented, and Ording was among those who notified Director Berg-Jagger that they desired release.

"I had left the theatre and started homeward," he relates, "when I was seized by three already familiar Gestapo men. They conducted me to headquarters again, and pushed me into the third degree room. A single hardboiled official confronted me. He looked me up and down silently and then said, 'Keep quiet and just listen. You haven't been here, you haven't been arrested, you've seen nobody. You don't want to cancel your contract, you're going right back to the theatre and tell Berg-Jagger you've changed your mind.' Then he added sinisterly, 'And if you don't, we're going after your pretty wife.'"

They literally threw the now frightened, nerve-shattered Ording into the street. His wife — a beautiful, twenty-year-old girl — was expecting a baby.

"I knew what they meant," says Ording. "Half blind with anger and impotence, I returned to the theatre and told Berg-Jagger I had changed my mind. He thanked me effusively, then casually enquired what had happened and whether I had been mistreated. I didn't tell him I had seen him with Gestapo men that morning. The significance of his company had only just dawned upon me."

The supposedly repentant Ording soon figured in an event about which all the Northland is still laughing.

A traitor named Per Reiderson wrote a play called *New Dawn* which won the Quislings' nationwide propaganda play contest. It was scheduled for production in the Oslo National Theatre in April 1943 with an all-star cast in which Ording was assigned the leading rôle. The part called for continuous stage appearance throughout the four acts, declaiming the marvels of the Nazis' New Order dawning over the world.

"After interminable rehearsals and complications," says Ording,

everything going wrong and driving Reiderson and Director Berg-Jagger into nervous wrecks, the night of the première arrived. It looked pretty hopeless for us. A handpicked Quisling and German audience assembled. The curtain was ready. And then a mysterious fire broke out backstage. The scenery and stage machinery were completely destroyed before the slow-moving firemen arrived. The damage was perfect, just enough to render the National Theatre useless for probably the length of the war. The Gestapo men blamed me for the fire. They said I had smoked backstage.

Ording is reticent regarding the aftermath. Perhaps he desires to forget. With three fellow actors he was accused of possessing illegal newspapers and was confined in the dreaded Moellergatan for several months, often in a dungeon, on bread and water.

Meanwhile the cast of the play was re-formed with Lars Nordrum, a matinee idol and a close friend of Ording, taking the lead. Another theatre was made ready. The night of the second première arrived. The same hand-picked audience of Quislings and Ger-

mans assembled. Again the curtain failed to rise. Nordrum had mysteriously disappeared en route to the theatre. "You know it wouldn't be sporting to play the lead with Jern Ording in prison," Nordrum told me on his arrival in Sweden after a spectacular escape from Norway.

With Reiderson semi-crazy, Berg-Jagger tearing his hair, and Terboven threatening the now thoroughly frightened Finn Halvorson with dire consequences if *New Dawn* was not produced immediately, the Quislings tried once more. In order to save face, they changed the title of the play to *The Last Cry* — which couldn't have been more appropriate. And unable to obtain another leading man, they persuaded the Gestapo to release Ording temporarily, provided he would resume his part.

He seized the long shot chance at liberty. All day and all night Gestapo men guarded him, both at home and at theatre rehearsals, until the third première night arrived. Again the self-same hand-picked audience awaited, this time suspiciously expectant. And again "the play did not go on."

Accompanied by two husky Gestapo men, Ording left his room for the theatre. But somewhere en route the Gestapo relaxed their watchfulness for a few seconds. "Something must have gone wrong," says Ording enigmatically. "They must have been careless. Anyway, I never reached the theatre. A week later I crossed the border at night, carrying my three-months-old baby through the snow drifts in sub-

zero weather." Interjected his pretty young wife, "And the baby, who had always been good, squalled loudly when we crossed the frontier. Like its daddy, it probably didn't want to leave Norway." What happened to his guards is a story to be revealed after the war.

This story has an epilogue. *The Last Cry* was finally produced a few weeks ago. After Ording's disappearance, armed Gestapo men guarded every member of the cast day and night. But the players still had the last word. When the show opened in an obscure suburban theatre they mangled their parts so badly that even

the handpicked audience couldn't take it. The critics panned the show vigorously, and the actors happily hailed their verdict. Then, when the struggling patriots of the Norwegian stage appeared to be beaten down on their knees, Fate took a hand. The last leading man was stricken with pneumonia and hospitalized. The play did not go on, and after just three performances the show closed.

And today Reiderson, Halvorson, and Berg-Jagger hate to answer their phones. They're more than likely to hear that mysterious message: "This is Henry Gleditsch speaking — soon I'll hear your 'last cry!'"



DOUBT AND REASSURANCE

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

SOMETIMES I think beauty's
A false heaven,
Where peace of soul
And the void that is sorrow
Are eternally in cold embrace.

Then I see the early morning sun
On a high wooded mountain,
Or a child smile at a star,
Or feel the first faint autumn breeze,
And I know beauty's
The only true heaven.

► *America's natural wealth
has scarcely been tapped.*

OUR LIMITLESS RESOURCES

By D. WORTH CLARK

United States Senator from Idaho

IN view of conflicting reports about the state of America's natural resources, and having in mind the tremendous drain effected by demands of world-wide war, I think it is time for a cool appraisal of these national treasures.

Throughout our history, we have contentedly lapped up the cream of our resources without giving much thought to the possibility that the pitcher may be empty some day. Nature had given us the stuff of our plush civilization in rich quantity and variety. Production! — that was the thing. We achieved it so well we became the envy of the earth. Then came World War II and rationing, and with rationing came the first national realization that limits do exist, and that we can not forever get all we want merely for the asking. This realization has shocked many of us to the opposite conclusion: that we face an uncertain future as a "have-not" nation not only in a few things, but also in many of our major requirements.

This fear has blinded us to the existence of an intangible resource which we have in abundance: our pioneering spirit expressed in optimistic ingenuity. This spirit, animating our activities in applied science, is the key to

the continuance and expansion of the American system. We have to dig deeper with our brains as well as with our picks and shovels to devise new materials and means to serve old purposes, to simplify processes and methods that have become complex and costly, to explore and conserve and adapt. The prospect is bright, but there are provisions and reservations we should all know about.

Steel and Iron

During the war we have been consuming over 90,000,000 tons of iron ore a year, and we are now told, authoritatively, that supplies from the famed Mesabi range on Lake Superior will approach exhaustion by 1950. However, that applies only to highest grade, easily reached surface ores. Until now, we have not had to consider using lower grade magnetic taconite deposits in the same region, consisting of from five to ten billion tons. Nor has this region a monopoly of iron ores on this continent. Utah has discovered iron reserves which justify an expenditure of \$150,000,000 for the largest steel mill west of the Mississippi. Along the Pacific Coast, a series of discoveries of rich surface ores is reported. In Ontario, a

large lake is being drained to give access to high grade deposits.

In previous years there was no incentive to explore such possibilities while we could satisfy all our needs by shoveling up the pay dirt of the Mesabi. It was the easiest way. Once, not so long ago, aluminum ranked with the precious metals, and a 100-ounce aluminum cap atop the Washington Monument held the record as the largest casting of that metal. The same science that transformed aluminum into a household commonplace can and will find the means of processing lower grade iron ores, because *now it must.*

Coal

Our coal reserves are estimated at something over three trillion tons. It seems that somewhere between the years 4944 and 7944 A.D. we may experience a coal shortage, but this should cause us no sleepless nights. Even an advanced thinker should be able to envision us drawing power and heat and light from some celestial oven long before 4944. Meanwhile, we may reasonably assume that the chemical storehouse, which is coal, may come to bat as a pinch-hitter for some other resources, among them:

Petroleum

I do not pretend to know the truth about petroleum, and I doubt whether anyone does. The record does show, in the five-year period ending in 1942, that we consumed twice as much oil as we discovered in new reserves in the

same period. This five-year deficiency totaled more than 3,600,000,000 barrels — a figure approximately equal to our total production for the years 1938, 1939, and 1940. Obviously, we can't continue doing that forever.

Our proved oil reserves are estimated at 20,000,000,000 barrels. Our current daily production has been over 4,000,000 barrels, with all fields except West Texas pumping full tilt. Divide, and you get about fourteen years at this rate.

But the seers differ. The late Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, thought that we might be scraping the bottom of the natural petroleum barrel by 1959. Interior Secretary, Harold Ickes, postulates 1964 as the deadline. On the other hand, Wallace E. Pratt, geologist and vice president of Standard Oil of New Jersey, points out that all our past estimates of petroleum reserves have proved to be far too conservative, that exploration of this continent offers much encouragement, and that "our proved reserves in this country are only a minor fraction of our total petroleum resources in even the presently blocked-out fields."

Being no petroleum expert, I wouldn't know. But I can observe that the experts themselves don't agree, and I can surmise, from the very nature of oil, that its ultimate exhaustion is a certainty. The only question is how soon.

Already we are at work on this problem. We probably will seek part of our future needs in Latin America,

where daily production has reached over 1,000,000 barrels and where known reserves already total 7,000,000,000 barrels.

The greatest available oil reserves appear to be in the Middle East. Standard Oil of New Jersey and Socony-Vacuum, by agreement with the British government, have a 23.75 per cent interest, not only in existing fields in Iraq and Iran, but also in future discoveries there. Our own government has entered the picture in Saudi Arabia, agreeing to build a pipe line to the Mediterranean from the fields to be developed by American companies. In return, we shall have reserved a billion barrels for ourselves, a not inconsiderable treasure for our Army and Navy. The Arctic, though little explored, is believed to be geologically propitious.

But, since I don't know, I shall assume the worst, namely, the early depletion of domestic reserves and, topping that, a rupture in our world-wide communications. What then? Would that spell the end of the internal combustion engine and, with it, the end of our motorized civilization and our future in the airways?

Not at all. We're starting on the solution to that, too. Congress only recently agreed to authorize \$30,000,000 for research along these lines. We shall study means of converting coal, of which we have so much, into motor fuels. We shall attempt to reduce costs of utilizing our vast deposits of oil shales. We shall find all there is to know about wood-gas,

which is commonplace in Europe, and about alcohol mixes derived from wood wastes and other sources.

The truth is that other countries know more about these things, because we have never been impelled to search hard, to dig with our brains against an approaching crisis. Our appetite, sated by the frosting, doesn't even know the taste of the cake. For all our vaunted inventive spirit, we have not had to call upon necessity to mother invention to the same extent as other nations. Let me mention our resourceful enemy, Germany. There, scratching bottom for industrial alcohol and protein feeds, they have been utilizing almost every grain of their meagre sawmill wastes for these purposes. In this country, our Forest Service has reported sawmill wastes running between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 tons a year, sufficient to make a billion gallons of alcohol. But, until almost this very moment, we have been indifferent to such a potentiality. Yet alcohol could stretch our motor fuels by 20 per cent or more, if necessary. It is doing so elsewhere.

Then, for another ace in the hole in case we are trumped, we have the power of the sun. Dr. C. C. Furnas, of Yale, says enough solar energy falls on a square yard of earth to provide light and power for a modern electrical home, that enough is wasted on 200 square miles of the Mojave desert to supply the entire country. A remote notion? Perhaps it merely seems remote because we have not had occasion seriously to harness this bound-

less power by some chemical or physical process.

These, then, are several "outs" for us in our petroleum dilemma. In some one of them, or in a combination of them and others, will be found the answer. Here is an interesting challenge, not a pall of discouragement.

Rubber

Was ever a modern nation confronted so abruptly with the total loss of so essential a product as rubber? But we sidestepped the catastrophe. Within less than two years, Rubber Czar Bill Jeffers went back to railroading, satisfied that our synthetic rubber production could meet military requirements. Before Pearl Harbor, we had nothing besides natural rubber save a small production of synthetics for specialized purposes. Production in 1944 is now expected to provide for essentials.

This miracle in rubber was not our only alternative, and might not have been the alternative at all had not time been on our heels. Experiments with guayule have been curtailed, but not because this erstwhile scrub wasn't living up to promises as a fruitful source of natural rubber. As a matter of fact, earlier plans contemplated a substantial yearly production of guayule rubber, with plantings up to a half-million acres. But synthetics were more rapidly available, while guayule production was a matter of several years.

How much the Russians have learned about rubber from their

prolific dandelion we don't quite know, but we do know there are literally hundreds of other rubber producing plants, many capable of domestic production here in the United States.

While we have not solved the rubber problem to the extent of providing tires for everyone who wants them, we have met the enormous military demands, in record time and under great stress. With more time to prepare, we might have solved this problem more gradually, and possibly more effectively, by exploring the readily available bounty of nature.

What eventually will be our post-war policy relating to rubber—whether we shall rely upon synthetics, go back to Malaya and the East Indies, encourage rubber production in South America where it originated, promote natural domestic sources, or evolve a combination of methods—I cannot say. I merely point out that loss of this resource did not stymie us. It spurred us on to find not one, but several, ways by which we could supplant it.

Aluminum

As I have said, aluminum has changed from virtually a precious metal to a household commonplace and an industrial essential. Our main source of its raw material, bauxite, has been in Dutch Guiana. But, only recently, great things have been happening on the domestic front, heralding future far-reaching changes. War-pressured developments at Grand

Coulee and Bonneville have produced cheap power required for making aluminum, resulting in a new aluminum empire in the Pacific Northwest. We are now making a start with a new raw material, a clay called alunite, existing in immense abundance in the vicinity of Bonneville. Meagre investigation has uncovered similar clays in my own state, Idaho. We know now, if the pinch comes, that we shall not need to transport aluminum clays thousands of miles to our reducing plants. We can produce our own.

Copper

This has been a worry. We are scraping the bottom of a once plentiful hoard. But Canada, Mexico, Peru and Chile have large deposits and, perhaps more important, new metallurgical processes developed during this war indicate that more abundant metals may fill copper's traditional rôles in the era ahead. Stainless steel performs mechanical functions today better than bronze used to.

Timber

I have mentioned some chemical uses of wood, which may remind us of our periodical "famine" scares. Have we enough? But, actually, new uses of wood are one avenue to permanent timber abundance. Sawing timber into lumber uses only about a third of a tree, so it seems reasonable to conclude that uses of wood can be more than doubled without adding to the "take" from our forests. The South

offers a good demonstration of this fact. The pulp and paper industry there is scarcely more than ten years old. Instead of depleting forests, the new industry has been a spur to the growing of new trees. Chemical and mechanical uses of wood which chew, distil, digest, and transform it aren't concerned with "board feet." Branches, scrub stuff, and weed trees are as much grist to their mills as long, straight logs are to the lumberman.

The forest problem is not a simple one. Its complete solution has been obscured by a long controversy. But the fact remains that, more and more, timber operators are discovering they can "crop" their product, and that tree farming is well within the practical vision of good business. Managed forestry means, also, that, as you cut, you open the door to increased, rather than decreased, growth. Old forests are virtually static with respect to creation of new wood. When they are cut, they are replaced by young growth, new trees that are busy factories turning out cellulose several times faster than a field of cotton. The latest Forest Service survey of growth recognizes this fact. It estimated that effective growth was closer to volume of timber cut than previously believed. This is due to a combination of factors, one being replacement of static old acres by fecund growing acres.

As measures to control fire, disease and insects are more widely adopted by private and public agencies alike,

and better logging methods take hold, we can expect our forests to supply what we need of them. What we will come to expect of them remains a secret still hidden in the test tube. But we do know that Germany, on a very large scale, derives lubricants, wood-gas, industrial alcohol for airplane fuel and synthetic rubber and thousands of tons of fodder from trees.

Manganese

This is one of the Vitamin Bs of steel which give it hardness and toughness. Most of our supply has come from Russia, because it was cheaper and easier to import it than to seek ways of utilizing large domestic sources. Yet, as in other products, we can expect to find these means.

Tin, Nickel and Other Metals

Apparently, we lack tin in the raw. South America is a partial answer, but probably not a complete one. Such

materials as mercury, graphite, industrial diamonds, mica and chromium have come largely from outside our own hemisphere. They are not needed in large volume, but they are essential to our industrial system in peace as well as in war. The search for them will continue in continental United States, in Alaska, in Canada, and elsewhere, and it is not unreasonable to assume that we shall find them in sufficient quantity. For the rest, we must seek substitutes and, meanwhile, direct our foreign policy in such a way as to assure our access to what we need from abroad.

As for nickel, tungsten, vanadium, platinum, asbestos and quartz crystals, they are available to us in the Americas, north and south of our own borders. It is a reasonable assumption to count on continued uninterrupted supplies of these essentials, and on the probability of the discovery of new deposits.



Forgiveness —

We can forgive those who bore us, but not those whom we bore.

— LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Clinical Notes on the Critical Art

THE younger the critic, the more he is fetched by mere plot and theme. If the theme, in his eyes, is an important one, that is, one that deals with matters of immediate public concern, treatment takes second or even third place with him. It is thus that any play, however otherwise defective, which treats of something in the popular consciousness of the moment usually receives his hearty endorsement not only as a play of weight but as one of considerable merit as well.

2

Patriotism is the enemy of sound criticism. It is thus that three-quarters of the criticism generally written in war-time never survives the armistice.

3

What the actress as woman is off the stage reflects itself for better or worse, whatever the nature of the rôle, when she is on. This may sound slightly nonsensical, but it somehow seems to be true.

4

I not long ago read this from the pen of one of the play reviewers: "He [the playwright] hasn't learned the

most elementary principle of dramatic construction, which is that you cannot have a good person evilly put upon without making his persecutors pay for their crimes." Hardly elementary, my dear Watson, except in the case of box-office dramaturgy. Examples: Strindberg's *The Father*, Becque's *The Ravens*, Galsworthy's *Justice*, among many others.

5

Criticism as the adventures of a soul among masterpieces is an ideal. Criticism is most often bound to be the misadventures of a soul among gimcracks.

6

The critic who can remain absolutely honest in his appraisal of an exceptionally pretty actress is either a genius or a fool.

7

"There are," I once observed, "critics who are less interested in the impression a play makes upon them than in the impression they make upon the play." But do not jump to too sarcastic conclusions. Shaw was one such, and a better critic of the drama never lived.

8

What it proves critically I wouldn't know, but the fact remains that in fifty years of the American stage only one out of the many plays that have shown a small, illuminated railroad train moving by night across the back-drop has been a failure. That one was *Fulton Of Oak Falls*, which achieved a run of but thirty-seven performances. The rest have made lots of money.

9

"A good play enacted by competent principals," writes one of my colleagues, "can easily survive an ineffective bit by an untalented bit player." Not always so easily. I have seen an otherwise very competently enacted *The Weavers* go completely to pieces on the shoals of its child Mielchen.

10

The vogue of the short skirt is one of the severest trials that actresses have ever been made to suffer.

11

The notion, favorite of women and effeminate actors, that the critics, being for the most part not overly blessed by nature, are enviously contemptuous of handsome actors is far from the fact. Every handsome actor on the modern stage, with but one exception that I can think of, has been given a happy deal by the critics. The exception was Lou Tellegen, who

was such a bad actor that the critics, for all the good will in the world, couldn't help themselves. Henry Dixey, Richard Bennett as a young man, George Alexander, William Faversham, James O'Neill, E. H. Sothorn, Kyrle Bellew, James Carew, James K. Hackett, Charles Cherry, Hamilton Revelle, Harry Davenport, Vincent Serrano, Frederic De Belleville, Henry Miller, Herbert Standing, William Courtenay, Edgar Selwyn, Harry Woodruff, John Barrymore — these and others of the pictorially elect have literally been made by their friendly, ugly brothers, the critics.

12

There are actors, whatever their share of talent, who find audiences prejudiced against them from the start. Let an actor be too precise and glossy in his dress, like the late Robert Hilliard, or move about with a too severely erect posture, like the late Tellegen aforesaid, or steal a glance at the ladies out front so much as *twice*, like the late Lowell Sherman, or be or do any such trivial thing — and he is doomed.

13

The weakness of the bulk of the drama dealing with war is partly to be accounted for in the conviction of playwrights that they must arbitrarily incorporate a female element, in however small a degree. This element, while occasionally justified, is more often simply so much decorative

parsley, pretty to look at and sometimes appetizing but of no value whatever to the dramatic meat itself. The wide success of a poor war play like the English *Journey's End* may possibly be credited to the novelty of its womanless cast of characters, although there was some skepticism on that distaff score on the part of a few saucy American critics. Most of the war plays that have failed in the period of and following the last war as well as in the period of the present war have been little other than Henry Arthur Jones and his lady friends in uniform. For one *Lifeline* minus the ladies, which, however, was otherwise so faulty it couldn't have succeeded even had it included a *Follies* chorus, all that the majority of other recent war play failures have needed to convert them into successes were a few good tunes by Jerome Kern or Richard Rodgers, along with maybe costumes by Raoul Pene Du Bois.

14

Sincerity and passionate conviction, or at least as the critics usually interpret them, are much overtouted in connection with playwrights. Bernard Shaw's early sincerity and conviction produced only such an inferior play as *Widowers' Houses*; some of his finest plays, like *Caesar and Cleopatra*, were the subsequent result of his tongue in cheek. Brieux's passionate sincerity contrived such claptrap as *Damaged Goods*; when he left off indignation and smiled sardonically at himself he turned out something like *Les Han-*

netons, one of the best comedies of our time. The same with Maugham. His one play doubtless profoundly felt by him, *For Services Rendered*, does not compare with the best of his light comedies, written, he once confided to his friends, simply to get the money to buy some extra good investment properties in London. I have known Eugene O'Neill long and intimately. Of all the plays he has written, *Days Without End* was, I believe, closest to his inner self. And it was one of his very weakest.

15

Acting is the world's only profession in which a person is loudly applauded at the end of his day's work for drawing down a higher financial reward than he usually deserves.

16

What of the American playwrighting gods of the drama critics of yesterday? What is their standing today? Augustus Thomas, Belasco, Charles Rann Kennedy, Charles Klein, Eugene Walter, George Broadhurst? Let us take time out for laughter.

17

It is a pity that so many valid dramatic ideas seem to fall into the hands of incompetent playwrights. The waste is sad to contemplate. The idea in *South Pacific*, which this last season ran for only five performances, for one example, was much too good to lose: the Negro's ironic position in the atmosphere of two different civiliza-

tions. And over the years there have been many others, light and serious, in such failures as *The Man Who Ate The Popomack*, treating of the influence of odors on human society; *The Upstart*, dealing with the final inefficacy of mere speech, however eloquent; and the adapted *A Room In Blue*, in which a homebody with occasional philandering tendencies decorated his lady love's apartment like his wife's, one night got tight, and became confused as to just which one he was in; etc. A catalogue of all the tasty ideas that have been quickly buried in the storehouse for lack of skilful treatment would fill a book.

18

To critics who write praisefully of an actor having "felt" his rôle, let there be commended Coquelin's retort to Madame Ristori's insistence that the actor can not express on the stage an emotion which he does not really feel. "Yes, madame," observed Coquelin, "but you often die."

19

Speaking of illustrious French theatrical figures of the past, much of the wisdom they otherwise contributed to the dramatic record is today found to be not only hollow but quite foolish. A half dozen illustrative examples:

1. "A meditative being may not enter into any dramatic combination." — Paul Bourget. *Hamlet*, *Brand*, and half a hundred others make mock of the criticism.

2. "As romantic situations are always very special, the more you make use of them in plays the more you decrease general interest." — Brunetière. *Camille*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and half a hundred others are observed thumbing their noses.

3. "It is permissible to make a mistake in the details of the execution of a play, but it is not permissible to make a mistake . . . in facts." — Alexandre Dumas, fils. *Vide* the drama of Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw.

4. "A playwright must write many bad plays before he can make a good one." — Houssaye. Shakespeare, Strindberg, Ibsen, Björnson, Heijermans, Hofmannsthal, Pirandello, Hauptmann, O'Casey, O'Neill, among innumerable others, didn't somehow seem to know it.

5. "The dignity of tragedy demands some grand state interest, or some passion nobler than love." — Corneille. As, for example, *Romeo and Juliet*?

6. "The tragic author admits atrocious crime, conspiracy, murder, parricide, regicide, and so on. Comedy, less audacious, never goes beyond the conventional, because its pictures are drawn from conventional manners." — Beaumarchais. *Arsenic and Old Lace* for one example out of many?

20

The local critical art is, of course, far above such things, but just the same I have long noticed that a play that opens on a miserably rainy or stormy night stands a relatively smaller chance of getting good notices.



THE LITERARY HOAX

BY FRANK WEITENKAMPF

Most literary hoaxes may be put down as out-and-out parodies, pranks, burlesques, straight practical jokes, plagiarisms, swindles or forgeries. They are quickly detected and are of little general interest. But some of them display considerable artistry, and merit some discussion, if only for entertainment.

One of the most solemnly concocted and carefully carried out literary jokes was the volume issued by the Author's Club (New York) in 1918: *Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch: An Appreciation of His Life and Work*, by William George Jordan and Richardson Wright. It formed the chief feature of the Club's gravely conducted celebration of the centenary of the fictitious Russian author's birth, held on April 16, 1917. The volume contained contributions by such eminent scholars as Franklin H. Giddings and Dr. Titus Munson Coan (who related his personal talks with Larrovitch in Paris).

There were translations of some of Larrovitch's works, an essay on "The True and the False about Larrovitch,"

and a detailed bibliography. The plates showed portraits of the Russian and his parents, a picture of his grave, and a page of the manuscript of his *Crasny Baba*.

The idea for the hoax was concocted during a game of chess between Jordan and Gustave Simonson, the latter a bibliographical wonder who could reel off titles and dates of books without previous rehearsing. Wright was at the table, looking on. Jordan said casually:

"Did you ever see the 1873 edition of Larrovitch's poems, translated into French?"

"My God," exclaimed Simonson, "I never heard of Larrovitch."

A kick under the table from Jordan enlightened Wright, recently returned from Siberia, who began to spin a yarn about the celebrated Russian. The pleasantry was elaborated with every appearance of verisimilitude. Every? The bibliography contained names of stenographers in Wright's office, spelled backwards, and Russian letters strung together. That made it easy for a man like Dr. Avrahm Yarmolinsky,

FRANK WEITENKAMPF was the first curator of prints in the New York Public Library and held that post from 1900 to July 1942. He has written many books and monographs on lithography, etchings and other prints.

Russian expert of the New York Public Library, to detect the fabrication, but not before a very good time was had by all.

II

Another amusing hoax was Edmund Lester Pearson's *The Old Librarian's Almanac 1773*, published by the Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vermont, in 1909. The planning of this little book must have been a pure delight to Pearson, who had an aptitude for foolery of this kind. This supposed production of one Jared Bean had quite the appearance of the real thing, and it was asserted as such by no less a personage than Sir William Osler, although Pearson, after the book was most seriously reviewed in the *New York Sun*, sent that newspaper a letter which "gave sufficient intimation of the modern authorship of the book." In his *Books in Black or Red*, he later wrote:

It was designed to delude any intelligent reader for no longer than five minutes. It was purposely sown thick with anachronisms; its language was made unduly archaic; it contained innumerable clews of modern origin; and it ended with an outrageously farcical parody of an ancient cure for rattlesnake bite.

And in a typewritten note in the New York Public Library's copy of the *Almanac* he said:

In spite of all these warnings, many reviewers accepted the book as of its pretended date; others gravely explained how they had cleverly "detected" or "exposed" the hoax — usually by false clews — such as the notion that there were no Greek fonts of type in America in 1773, or that certain phrases, which are really antique, were modern. Literary critics then, as recently with *The Cradle of the Deep*, dealt like wisecracks with technicalities, and missed the plain evidence of the thing, which was apparent to a judge of literature on every page.

Most literary hoaxes, however, are not so well done as these two. Why people fall for them so easily is for the psychologist to determine.



Revenge —

For mere vengeance I would do nothing. This nation is too great to look for mere revenge. But for the security of the future I would do everything.

— JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

Cogitation on Crayfish

FOR the preservation of an inner serenity, a perceptively aware enjoyment of the life-experience, and a freedom from myriad worries and fusses that come from mis-thinking and blinkered thinking, there is nothing more effective than a steadfast remembering that we are animal.

For a number of reasons so large as to require a volume, if not a library,

for their explanation, we have labored to cut ourselves off from acknowledging our cousinship to woodchucks; we have erected extraordinary barriers of genteelism against the wholesome facts that we feed ourselves on juicy dead bodies of other animals, and that we periodically blaze with rut no less than stags do, and that we void droppings as does a



Crayfish

Frank Utpatel

fox. Indeed our insulation and isolation of ourselves extends to cosmic proportions. We do not like to think how we are born, bloody and caterwauling, and how our bodies will in a few years lie worm-riddled in the earth; and it upsets us, by extension, to believe that our earth itself, which was born, so to speak, flaring out of the womb of the sun, will one day probably "die" . . . which is to say that it will undergo change or metamorphosis and somehow be attuned or absorbed in a new tendential turn of cosmic process. In sum, we have rebelled against following the simple rôle of an acquiescent corpuscle in this universe's Living Totality.

So are we filled with fears. We have long refused to make simple natural acknowledgments, being afraid for our security and dignity. It is a neurotic alarm. This life is a good life, as glad as a garden, if only we acquiesce in natural participation. The metamorphosis called birth: that is a good glad thing. The metamorphosis called death: what is wrong with it? This cosmos, with its three thousand million new stars revealed to the hundred-inch telescope: why should it terrify us by its size? A maple tree is quite as large, to the tiny insect traveling amongst its greenery; but that does not mean the insect may not have a happy life as it feeds and mates and dozes on a leaf. Figures and statistics readily trick the mind. The insect spending its life on the green world of a single leaf might easily, did it have a little gift of conscious calcula-

tion, feel fear and a terrible futility upon realizing that its leaf is one leaf among thousands and tens of thousands of leaves, and upon discovering the stunning fact that on every one of those leaves are stomata to the number of a hundred thousand or a million.

We need to revert to simple animal-sense, to beware of these mazy intellectualisms. We need the feeling, "in our bones," of the animal-excellence of here-and-now; and it can lead us, by a psychic-sensuous insight, to feel serenely the sense of the ever-continuum of life.

The universe (and not to be the least bit mystical about it) is in truth all One Life. It is a process, as Chinese painters put it, of rhythmic vitality. Each ingredient or corpuscle has its destined rounds: for insects, insectness; for trees, fulfillment of treeness; for earths and stars, so to put it, a dancing to their own particular inward tune.

The strands of the web of being stretch from the sun to the white-footed mouse squeaking in the night. We are all participants in The One. And if our deep selves respond in simple acquiescence to that oneness — so that we are innerly guided like a frog, acquiescently participant in the dance of life, like a May-fly, subtly informed in the depths of our being like a fox — well, then we are not alone any more. We are received and integrated in nature's everlasting company.

It is a great banisher of our neurotic and barriered aloneness to experience

this sense of oneness, which is a spontaneous animal thing. We lose it precisely in so far as we lose our animality and are bereft of certain very old, very deep stirrings, sensings, and experiences of the under-conscious. We lose it in so far as we put a wall between ourselves and our unhuman comrades. It would be a fine thing if every man dining on lobster were to have some realization that he is an animal eating another animal, and finer still if he were sometime to make a study of the obscure senses, adventures, loves and ultimate death of the creature he is incorporating into his creaturely self. We are all, in a way of speaking, part lobster, just as we are also part fox and fish and trees and planetary dust; and it is good to have acquaintance with the company of relatives whose blood and ours are blended.

Not very many people can watch lobsters under natural conditions. It is possible, though, for almost anyone to see a crayfish, the smaller lobster that frequents fresh water. In nearly every region not lacking in lime, crayfish are to be found in the quiet brooks that flow through wooded places, and in the slow sedgy streams that flow through the farmlands. They come out mostly at night. It is worth going out into the country night to look for them. It is worth it if only to smell that marshy smell which stirs and quickens our old animal-self, making any but the most insulated and inhibited man feel his life-pulse join with the life-pulsings

of the lives in the night around him, and all merge ultimately into the great central systole and diastole. It is worth it if only to experience, in the frog-croaking darkness, the gradual re-awakening of old animal senses, deep-knowings, subtle percipiences and bodily awarenenses, and at last the inrushing "feeling" that over all the earth — now experienced in so hushed and marshy-smelling and starlit and primal a fashion — there broods a Great Spirit. This last feeling is only a "feeling;" but it need not be despised on that account. We felt long before we could think; and the wild wisdom that is anterior to conscious calculation is sometimes a surer thing than our guessings.

II

The crayfish, looking precisely like a lobster three or four inches long, lies concealed by day underneath pebbles or the soft mud in the bottom of the stream. With the coming of dusk, it slowly protrudes its mottled, mud-colored body from its hiding-place. It has five pairs of legs, the first pair developed into huge pinchers, held aloft for seizing prey or for self-defense, and it is equipped with two pairs of antennæ. In the dusk-dim water the crayfish waves the antennæ of the second pair, thereby obtaining tactile information and a report on the chemical composition of the water. By means of the first pair, which are shorter and called antennules, the crayfish obtains sensations of smell and

taste. Not least importantly, as the crayfish scrambles from its hiding-place and goes creeping on stilt-like legs into the open water, it is served by two structures in the base of the antennules: two cavities in each of which there is a calcareous particle. These are statocysts. They make it possible for the crayfish to move upright and equilibrated through the water.

The crayfish's shell is an exoskeleton made of the substance, chitin, that encases insects, but reinforced by calcareous salts. As a crayfish grows, the exoskeleton is periodically shed, to allow the body to swell. The crayfish's whole heavily armored body is given maneuverability by joints, where the plates of the exoskeleton are joined by very thin membranes of chitin.

Like all of us, crustacean or mammal, the crayfish is chiefly concerned with gleaning and eating, maintaining the body's breath and chemistry, outwitting its enemies and reproducing its kind. To breathe, the crayfish has delicate filamentous gills, ever taking oxygen from the water and returning carbon dioxide. For finding prey — vegetable matter, snails, tadpoles, larvæ of aquatic insects — it has two compound eyes, perched atop stalks, capable of turning in any direction. The big pinchers cut the prey to pieces; the smaller pinchers on the second and third pair of legs carry the morsels to the mouth, where auxiliary jaws and foot jaws hold the food while the mandibles

grind it. A crayfish's food is only partially ground up when eaten. After it has passed through an oesophagus it goes into the stomach, which has toothed muscles in it, and is ground by a gastric mill.

When a female crayfish is about to lay her eggs (or to come, as lobstermen say, "in berry"), her rite is astonishing to see. She props herself in tripod position, body held high by her tail and outspread claws. In this position, she methodically cleans her abdomen and swimmerets, scraping and polishing with her other feet until swimmerets and abdomen are as gleamingly clean as though she had just donned a new shell. At last she turns over on her back. There pours out over her abdomen a viscous milky flow, which she whips and spreads. At last she curves her tail forward and her eggs pour out onto her sticky underside. As they do so, she rocks gently from side to side until every one of the approximately five hundred eggs is firmly stuck to her, so she may guard them until they hatch.

There is a great deal more to be said about crayfish: how they swim backwards, how the babies cling to their mother after hatching, how lost claws are re-grown. But this is no place for it. Clearly, in this part of the magazine this month it was intended to speak of something other and larger. In this season of vacation what greatly matters is that we restore, by "goin' crawin'" or in any other way we like, our identity with nature, our comradely participation.

THE LIBRARY

The Biggest and Bestest in American Folklore

BY JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

THE old frontiersmen used to say that they could take a string of latitude and lasso the moon, take a rope of longitude and pull in a constellation. They said they were ring-tail screamers and Salt River roarers.

Well, they had nothing on Ben Botkin, who is the archivist of American folk song at the Library of Congress, for Ben has taken some books and records and lassoed all the heart of American folklore, has taken a typewriter and compiled out of this mountain of material, *A Treasury of American Folklore*,¹ a book that is a gold mine of American humor, laughter and folk song. So far, it is the greatest thing of its kind to come down the pike.

Carl Sandburg says in the foreword that there have been small-fry collections but this book is a big shot. And it is; there is nothing skimpy about it: 932 pages long, it requires fourteen pages alone to list the table of contents, and what contents! Davy Crockett and old Mike Fink in all their glory, telling you that they are half-horse, half-alligator, and the rest of 'em is crooked snags and red-hot

snapping turtle. They can ride streaks of lightning, out-run, out-jump, out-shoot, out-fight, rough and tumble, no holts barred, any man on both sides of the river from Pittsburgh to New Orleans and back to St. Louis.

The book is like a side-show: after a multitude of heroes and boasters and pseudo bad men and "riproarious" fights, we come to killers. Wild Bill Hickok, Billy the Kid, Jesse James, Sam Bass . . . and Stackalee. In Stackalee, the whole American imagination is at work. Stackalee's story is certainly the epitome of something! It has all the reach of white and Negro imagination alike. The invincible demigods are here, too: Pecos Bill, the greatest of all cowpunchers, the man who invented the American pursuit of happiness; Bowleg Bill, the sea-going cowboy; Stormalong, the greatest of American sea captains; Febold Feboldson, the only man who ever succeeded in breeding bees to eagles; John Henry, the hammerman, is here; Joe Magarac, the supreme steelman; and Paul Bunyan, who, in spite of the immense laughter within his myth, remains the creative god of Real America.

¹ \$3.00. Crown.

The book changes from a side-show to a carnival, a circus, a whole seven-ring circus. And that is as it should be, for the figure of Uncle Sam, the symbol of the American people, was popularized by Dan Rice, the greatest of all circus clowns. If anybody ever does actually choose the ten greatest books in American literature to carry off to some island, he will most assuredly be a dope if he leaves this book out.

Here are some of the best Negro stories you will ever see. There is old Deacon Jones, who told the "experience" meeting, after he had been mauled by a bear, "God is good, and he'll help you in a lot o' little things, but, my brothers and sisters, good as God is, he ain' worth a damn in a bear fight."

There is the man who had the mule named Bill. The man went out one morning to throw the bridle around the mule's head and said, "Come around, Bill."

The mule answered, "Every mornin', it's the same thing. I don't git no rest at all 'fore it's come around, Bill."

The man said, "Dat mule *is* talkin'! I never heered a mule talk befo'."

And the man's little old fice dog said, "Me neither."

The man got scared then and ran hard as he could. When he stopped, he said, "I don't know what to do."

And the fice dog said, "Me too."

"Dat man is runnin' yet."

Some stories collected by Jack Conroy, the novelist, are included in this Treasury, and in them you will find, at last, the elusive "typical American

story." For genuine American humor, these Jack Conroy stories are unsurpassed. They will stand with the nation as a part of its tradition.

This is particularly true of "The Boomer Fireman's Fast Sooner Hound." The fireman had a sooner that loved the fireman so much he ran alongside the train just to be near him. The sooner ran along with the fastest trains on the road. He made fast trains look so slow it seemed that if you shipped "a yearling calf to market, it'd be a bologna bull before it reached the stockyards." The roadmaster thought the sooner was giving the railroad a black eye. So he put the fireman in the cab of the Cannon Ball, saying, "That sooner'll be left so far behind it'll take nine dollars to send him a postcard."

It took three men to watch that train go by. One to say, "Here she comes!" One to say, "There she is!" And one to say, "There she goes!" The rails sang like a violin for a half hour after that train had passed on into the next county.

The roadmaster looked out the window and could not see the sooner, and he gave a whoop of joy. "He's gone, ain't nowhere in sight!" he yelled.

But the fireman looked out the window and said, "We're going so fast that half the journal boxes are on fire and melting the axles like hot butter. The sooner's running up and down the train hoisting a leg above the boxes. He's doing his level best to put out some of the fires. That dog is

true blue as they come and he's the fastest thing on four legs, but he's only using three of 'em now."

Carl Sandburg likes the story about "Slappy Hooper, World's Biggest, Fastest and Bestest Sign Painter."

Slappy painted the first rainbow. Slappy painted the whole sky, but he was afraid an airplane might bump into him and spill his paint. So he took to painting billboards. He painted a loaf of bread for a bakery, painted it so realistically it made you hungry just to look at it. So many birds pecked at it and broke their beaks that the humane societies complained and Slappy had to paint out the loaf of bread and leave only the lettering.

The Jimdandy Hot Blast Stove and Range Company hired Slappy to paint their newest model stove, showing a cherry-red fire inside and heat pouring out "in ever which direction." It was just about the best job Slappy ever did. In mid-January, in the coldest winter on record, dandelions and weeds popped out between the billboard and the sidewalk. But when the bums made the place a hangout, the citizens and storekeepers of the neighborhood put in a kick. The hoboes drove a nail into the billboard so they could hang their kettles and cans against the stove to boil their water. They found it more comfortable on the ground than in any flophouse, so they slept there, too. They ganged up on the sidewalk so you could not push through them. The company hired a watchman to shoo the bums away, but it was a terrible expense.

The watchman got drowsy from the heat and as soon as he let out a snore, the bums crept back to the warmth like old home week. Finally, the company had Slappy paint the stove a lot hotter, he changed it from cherry-red to white-hot. That drove the bums across the street, but it blistered the paint on cars parked at the curb and set a building across the street on fire. The insurance company made the Jimdandy Hot Blast Stove and Range Company "jerk that billboard down and be quick about it, or they'd go to law."

II

That is the wonderful thing about this book; it tells stories, stories of the people, stories that people have laughed over and loved ever since we got started as a nation. One of the things fast vanishing from America is the ability to tell a story, an honest-to-God story. Nowadays, because of the radio and the movies, we have given up our native gift of telling stories. We have come to admire abbreviated jokes and gags. This national appreciation of simple gags is so prevalent that one who loves genuine story-telling comes to feel the art is so old-timey it has died in some obscure corner.

Then along comes this book like the birth of spring, bringing a whole burst of stories and songs that do more than make us laugh and sing, they revivify all our faith in the things of America, and show us in the present which so many condemn that the

traditional and lovely things live, and live with enough energy to urge us to chant out with that spiritual, "The Old Ark's A-moverin'." Still moving, chillun, and the old glory of America rolls on yet, and will keep on rolling.

For a long time it has been the habit of certain Europeans to express great surprise on being told of American folklore.

"Folklore?" they say, "but you have no folklore in America. You are too young to have folklore!"

Ha! America has everything that Europe ever has had, plus 168 years of freedom in which to develop it.

Where do they get that way abroad, that they can look contemptuously at our native expression? Surely, the nations of Europe cannot claim their lore is superior to ours. Even Marko Kralyevich, the Slavic hero, is not of the same stature as Paul Bunyan, and he'd be hard put to equal even Mike Fink when it comes to sheer skill. In the folklore of America we find one peculiar contrast to that of European lore. In the stories from our frontiers we do not have any dwarfs or elves or gnomes lounging around setting traps for the unwary, putting a hex on the traveller. The size of our country made us think in the scale of giants, not giants who lurked behind mountains to devour the innocent, but giants who did colossal things of benefit to all the nation. We have bad men in our legend, yes, and a considerable number of them beyond redemption, but even they have, in the legend, some spark of good.

The Americans advertised as authorities on American folklore have been, too often, not lovers of the stories, they have been lovers of the folk dance, of the square dance and hill-billy dancing; and if they are not square dancers, they are folk singers; they sing folk songs. In that, they have been influenced more by Europe than by America. They could not tell you a folk story if you put a gun to their heads.

That is the principal obstacle to a complete understanding of our national mythos, that is why we have not come any closer to the definitive American epic. We have neglected our stories, the stories that, more than any lore we have, sum up the intuitive American character and give us a concept of this nation such as we will never get from any other source. Not a nationalistic art to help in oppressing minorities, but simply a concept that will give us the unique flavor of our own earth. For the true spirit of America lies not in songs and dances, and not in jokes and gags, but in the stories of our most amusing heroes. Not the heroes of history, either. Every day, we see people who will go down in the history of the community or of the nation, and they are not very exciting, to say the least. But from our folk heroes, in whom too many see only buffoonery, we shall gain the most precious understanding of these United States that we shall ever have. Ben Botkin's *Treasury of American Folklore* goes a long way toward increasing that perception.



CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 5)

a ship left the African Gold Coast, headed for the United States; in short order a submarine hit it, and the thirty-five survivors, including one woman, roamed the ocean in a lifeboat for the next ten days, until rescued by a British warship. Mrs. Fowler tells a colorful and rather dramatic — though, by now, not a wholly original — story. That she was the only woman among them interested the men far less than it embarrassed her.

SAY WHAT YOU MEAN, by John B. Opdycke. \$3.75. *Funk & Wagnalls*. Mr. Opdycke, whose *Get It Right* is or should be in every editorial office, here attempts "a dictionary of grammar," and he succeeds admirably. Some of the chapter headings give a good idea of the book's contents: "Don't Overuse Words," "Don't Underuse Words," "Don't Abuse Words," and "Don't Confuse Words." As always Mr. Opdycke writes very clearly and effectively. His new book will doubtless be a standard item in its field for many years.

FRONTIERS OF AMERICAN CULTURE, by James Truslow Adams. \$2.50. *Scribner's*. Mr. Adams here reviews the major instruments of adult education throughout our history — the lecture platform, women's clubs, men's clubs, lyceums, people's institutes, summer camps, social settlements, the Grange, the WCTU, and workers' colleges. At the end he offers some ideas as to the direction of adult education in postwar America. Unfortunately, Mr. Adams is so wordy — and at times so partisan in his politics — that his volume makes tedious reading. When he discusses the future he makes hardly any sense at all.

SPEAKING OF JANE AUSTEN, by Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern. \$2.75. *Harper*. A collection of highly informal yet occasionally very penetrating essays upon the work of the immortal

English novelist by two highly competent female practitioners of the art today. The more academic and austere literary historians and critics will very likely sniff at this volume, but what it says probably comes closer to the real Miss Austen and the life about her than all their ponderosities.

THE ELIZABETHAN WORLD PICTURE, by E. M. W. Tillyard. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. Those who are stumped by some of the astronomical, medical, ethical and theological references in the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and Donne, and would like additional light on them, will find this book of great help. Dr. Tillyard is steeped in the lore of the time and he writes about it entertainingly.

SEARCHLIGHT ON PEACE PLANS, by Edith Wynner and Georgia Lloyd. \$5.00. *Dutton*. The teeming blueprints for an organized, peaceable world have been brought together in one volume, along with schemes proposed or tried in the past six hundred years. The compilation is encyclopaedic in scope and purpose and will be useful primarily as a reference work. Space is given to existing federal constitutions, such as those of the USA and the USSR, and to many vital war documents relating to postwar objectives.

CAPTAIN RETREAD, by Donald Hough. \$2.50. *Norton*. With a great deal of modesty and humor, Donald Hough details his experiences as a veteran of the last war commissioned again in this as a captain in the Air Corps. He finds his rôle both strange and familiar, disturbing yet deeply satisfying. Interwoven with vivid descriptions of Army bases, his young associates and their daily lives are nostalgic glimpses of the author when he was in France in 1918. Informal and colloquial as it is, this little book is a great tribute to the American soldier as well as a revealing portrait of the delightful personality who wrote it.

FICTION

FROSSIA, by E. M. Almedingen. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. When the rest of her family took

(Continued on page 126)

THE OPEN FORUM

THE POLISH QUESTION AGAIN

SIR: Messrs. Chamberlin and Lyons in their defense of Poland as the injured party in the Russo-Polish border dispute have committed several sins of omission which ought to be cleared up in the interest of truth. If the spirit of fair play demands that we go to bat for Poland in this dispute, the same spirit demands that we know what we are defending.

The Government of Pre-war Poland can in no sense be termed a democratic one. Its treatment of minority peoples was, to say the least, deplorable, and this despite the fact that Poland was originally created with the understanding that its minorities would be protected.

No doubt you recall its treatment of the Ukrainians who were practically forbidden the use of their language. Have you forgotten Poland's treatment of its three million Jewish citizens? And is it not noteworthy that Poland was not at all finicky about grabbing a slice of dismembered Czechoslovakia, with Hitler's aid, in 1938?

The present Polish Government-in-exile is but a continuation of that same Polish oligarchy and it is visionary to hope that things will change when peace comes. The recent dispatches to the *New York Times* regarding the behavior of Polish exiles in Iran and in Palestine, and most recently, the desertion trials of Polish-Jewish soldiers clearly indicate that the Polish Government-in-exile is dominated by reactionaries wholly out of step with the democratic spirit of the United Nations. I have not heard of any desertions by Jewish soldiers from the armies of any of the other United Nations and surely the heroic revolt in the Warsaw Ghetto would in itself belie such charges.

If Messrs. Chamberlin and Lyons wish to defend such a Poland it is their privilege, but I am sure that your readers will agree that for the inhabitants of the disputed area — the majority of whom are non-Poles — Russia with all its ac-

knowledgeed shortcomings, is the lesser of the two evils.

ISRAEL KLAVAN

Rabbi

*Williamsport,
Pennsylvania.*

Note: All that Rabbi Klavan says, even if it were 100 per cent true, which it is not, would only prove that Poland ought to have a more democratic régime.

It scarcely justifies the imposition of an even less democratic government on all or any part of this small member nation of the United Nations by one of the big members. Those of Russia's neighbors who remain independent will have, at least, the chance of developing free institutions. If swallowed by their huge neighbor that chance will be lost forever, or at least until Russia itself is free.

— E. L.

CATHOLICS AND BIRTH CONTROL

SIR: I have just finished reading carefully the article written by J. H. J. Upham, M. D., in the February issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, "The Catholics and Birth Control." There is a definite deceit in this article that evades the entire issue of birth control. The "powerful" minority group which Dr. Upham refers to in his article who represent only one-sixth of the population of this country, and of which there are one-third who are in the armed forces of our country fighting to preserve the principles of decency and democracy would not be there if they believed in or practiced birth control. Who is this powerful majority who would like to drive this unethical practice down the throats of the people in this country? It is the same group that has been trying for years to drive this unethical practice home not only to their own select set, but to Catholics also.

Birth control is immoral and against the natural

law as well as the law of God and those who practice it are violating the law of God as well as the law of nature, and no evasive arguments to the contrary can change that fact. Catholics are no more interested in the political aspects of birth control than Dr. Upham is, but, because from a Catholic standpoint birth control is wrong, Catholics everywhere will resist any effort on the part of any organization to foist their diabolical free love theory upon the people of this country. It is a self evident fact, and even Dr. Upham seems to recognize that Catholics in this country cannot be "blown about by every wind of fashionable doctrine."

JOHN F. BURKE, YEOMAN 1ST CL.
USNCTC, S. C. Legal Office,
Camp Peary, Virginia.

SIR: This is to express to you my complete approval of the article on "Catholics and Birth Control" by Dr. Upham. It is the very best of its kind I have read. It is also a great satisfaction to those of us who have given our effort and time to the birth control movement, to have magazines such as yours present in such a courageous manner a discussion of this most important sociological problem.

MRS. CHARLES A. GOETTING
Honorary President

El Paso Mothers' Health Center,
El Paso,
Texas.

SIR: I have read with interest and pleasure the article by Dr. Upham about the Catholics and Planned Parenthood. I want to commend you for printing so straightforward and honest an account of the controversy. It is preposterous that in this country founded for religious freedom there should be so much pressure by one religious body against an organization which is constantly contributing to the nation healthier, better adjusted, economically more helpful families.

I'd like to have Dr. Upham's article reprinted in every newspaper and magazine in the country, so that the great body of thinking people in the country would rise up and demand an end to the domination of the Catholic minority.

RUTH H. STINE

Colorado Springs,
Colorado.

DEFENCE OF DOGS

SIR: In your January issue, there appeared an article entitled "Why I Hate Dogs," and I just finished reading it. At the present time, my blood is boiling, and I would like personally to meet the author.

On the other hand, I hope, for his sake, that we never meet. I very much fear it would be a most unpleasant experience for him. I wonder if Mr. Wyndham knows anything about the wonderful job our K-9 Corps is doing in this war? Evidently not!

He would probably brand the facts in this case as blasphemy. I have always said that every man has a right to his own opinion, but there is a limit to everything.

I will agree with the author in that there is no sign of genius in a dog "making a rumpus" when he smells smoke, and, as he further stated, a parrot will do the same. However, did Mr. Wyndham ever hear of a parrot, or any other bird or animal, dragging an unconscious man out of a burning apartment building? Also, did a parrot ever rescue a drowning man, track down and kill a murderer, or lead a totally blind person around the City of New York and through the busiest intersections with or without human assistance?

I would like to ask the author just how many of us are perfect. We all have our faults, dozens of them.

Mr. Wyndham's article doesn't live up to the title, not at all. He merely stated a few, and damn' few at that, of dogs' shortcomings. What has any dog ever done to him, personally, to warrant the writing of such atrocities?

In closing, I would like to say that I sincerely wish all the dog-haters would form a club or society, as suggested in the article, in order to allow the American public either to exterminate them or put them some place out of the way. Such fanaticism is indeed dangerous to the welfare of the American people. And I thought the Army sent me over here because of a war with the Japanese!

I must have been dreaming, to think all of the barbarians lived outside the Continental limits of the United States.

CORPORAL R. L. ABEL

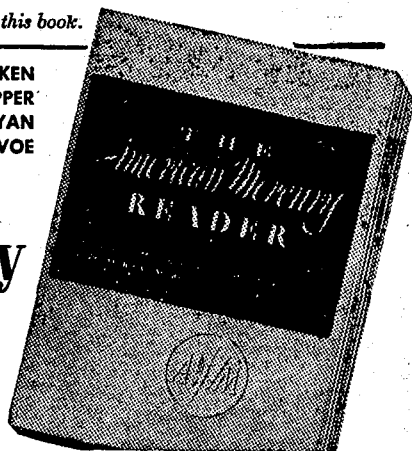
South Pacific

Our regular subscribers have already received a copy of this book.

SINCLAIR LEWIS • EUGENE O'NEILL • H. L. MENCKEN
THOMAS WOLFE • JIM TULLY • RAYMOND CLAPPER
MAJOR SEVERSKY • JAMES M. CAIN • WILLIAM SAROYAN
ELMER DAVIS • CARL SANDBURG • ALAN DEVOE
and many others appear in ...

THE American Mercury READER

Free! With a subscription to
The American Mercury at
the special price of \$2.75



● The Mercury READER is a book that was 20 years in the making ... an anthology of the most distinguished writing that has appeared in The American Mercury during the past twenty years ... Articles and stories of such abiding merit that they retain freshness and interest after many readings.

"The Man Who Knew Coolidge," by Sinclair Lewis, is a landmark in American letters ... Published in 1928, this brilliant, wicked satire has the timeless quality of great writing ... It's Lewis at his best ... It's in the READER.

Remember "Hatrack"? ... Herbert Asbury's sardonic story of small town morality ... banned in Boston, we made a test case of it and trimmed the sails of the Watch and Ward Society.

Eugene O'Neill's "All God's Chillun Got Wings." This deeply moving study of Negro psychology, one of his early and most effective plays, appeared in THE MERCURY before its highly successful stage presentation.

208 pages of rich reading ... Articles ... Stories ... Poems ... Saroyan's "Myself Upon

the Earth," one of his earliest and best pieces is here ... Thomas Wolfe, in his moving and self-revealing essay, "The Anatomy of Loneliness" ... H. L. Mencken's blistering obituary of William Jennings Bryan ... What Broadway knew as "The Last Mile" appeared first in The Mercury as "The Law Takes Its Toll," by Robert Blake, one week before he died in the chair ... Two of Carl Sandburg's poems are here ... Raymond Clapper ... Elmer Davis of O.W.I. fame ... James M. Cain ... Jim Tully ... Alan Devoe ... These and many other articles and stories of great and lasting distinction are in THE READER.

The Current American Mercury

As a reader of the current Mercury, you know that today's magazine, like this anthology, is something to read and re-read, think about and talk about ... Courageous, outspoken, forward-looking, The Mercury specializes in a tough-fibered, documented opinion, the kind that makes things happen.

ACT NOW! If you do not already have a copy of The American Mercury READER, use the coupon below TODAY — while copies are still available ... the supply is limited and it will not be reprinted.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY — 570 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

AM 7-44

I enclose \$2.75 for a full year of THE AMERICAN MERCURY with the understanding that you will send me THE AMERICAN MERCURY READER free.

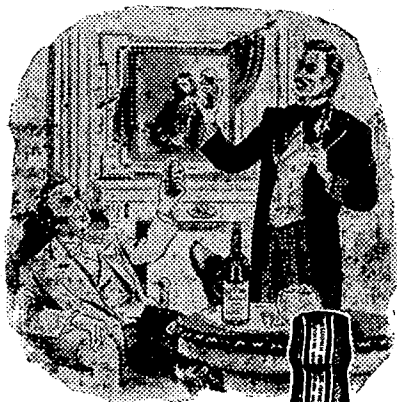
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ No. _____ State _____

Symbol of GRACIOUS LIVING

SINCE 1857



DUNBAR'S
Blended
CANADIAN WHISKEY
90.4 PROOF



Imported by
UNITED DISTILLERS (OF AMERICA) LTD.
BALTIMORE, MD.

CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 122)

poison during the Russian Revolution, Frossia refused and fled alone to Petrograd because to her life itself, regardless of the circumstances, was all-important. This is the central theme of Mrs. Almedingen's novel. Less convincingly maintained is the parallel theme that no matter what the political system or how great the misery it brings, Russia is always progressing towards something greater. But fortunately *Frossia* is neither a chronicle of events nor political propaganda but primarily a picture of the Russian people, and as such it makes absorbing and enlightening reading.

THE WOMEN ON THE PORCH, by Caroline Gordon. \$2.50. *Scribner's*. Catharine Chapman discovers her husband's infidelity and flees New York to be with her relatives in Tennessee, where she tries to resolve the conflict within her. The characters are well-created but the story seems a bit disintegrated and tenuous.

THE RED COCK CROWS, by Frances Gaither. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. Pre-civil war Southern life in all its beauty and all its ugliness as seen through the eyes of a Northern schoolmaster. A worthwhile and highly exciting story of a slave rebellion and what happens when existing laws are forgotten.

GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL, edited by Herbert A. Wise and Phyllis Fraser. \$2.95. *Random House*. Fifty-two stories to chill your blood during the coming hot weather. All are entertaining, but some will be too familiar to the follower of terror tales. Authors range all the way from Poe to Hemingway.

THE CASE-BOOK OF JIMMY LAVENDER, by Vincent Starrett. \$2.50. *Gold Label*. Twelve of the well-known detective's best adventures are collected in book form for the first time. Good hunting.

Books Wanted!

Dear Reader: If you have any of the following books, will you please write to the Editor of ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE (use the address below).

Grant Allen's STRANGE STORIES
 Grant Allen's TWELVE TALES
 Anonyma's EXPERIENCES OF A LADY DETECTIVE
 Anonymous's STRANGE STORIES OF A DETECTIVE
 Anonymous's EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN
 DETECTIVE
 Ashdown's ADVENTURES OF ROMNEY PRINGLE
 Atkey's SMILER BUNN — MANHUNTER
 Atkey's SMILER BUNN, BYEWAYMAN
 Atkey's WINNIE O'WYNN AND THE DARK HORSES
 Arnold Bennett's LOOT OF CITIES
 Algernon Blackwood's JOHN SILENCE
 Phyllis Bottome's THE DERELICT
 Campbell's EXPLOITS OF A PRIVATE DETECTIVE
 Campbell's ON THE TRAIL OF BIG FINGER
 Campbell's FELIX BOYD'S REVELATIONS
 Campbell's FELIX BOYD'S FINAL PROBLEMS
 Charteris's THE BRIGHTER BUCCANEER
 Christie's THE LISTERDALE MYSTERY
 Irvin S. Cobb's ESCAPE OF MR. TRIMM
 G. D. H. & M. I. Coles' A LESSON IN CRIME
 Corbett's ADVENTURES OF A LADY DETECTIVE
 Curtis's THE IRISH POLICE OFFICER
 Delannoy's THE MISSING CYCLIST
 Donovan's TALES OF THE STRONG ROOM
 Donovan's THE MAN-HUNTER
 Donovan's CAUGHT AT LAST!
 Donovan's TRACKED AND TAKEN
 Doyle's ONE CROWDED HOUR
 Fairlie's THAT MAN RETURNS
 Fidler's CHRONICLES OF DENNIS CHETWYND
 Fletcher's ADVENTURES OF ARCHER DAWE
 Fletcher's DEATH THAT LURKS UNSHOWN
 Fletcher's FEAR OF THE NIGHT
 Fletcher's THE RAVENWOOD MYSTERY
 Fletcher's THE MARRENDON MYSTERY
 Fletcher's THE MAN IN THE FUR COAT
 Fletcher's THE CARRISMORE RUBY
 Forrester's REVELATIONS OF A PRIVATE
 DETECTIVE
 Forrester's SECRET SERVICE
 Forrester's THE FEMALE DETECTIVE
 Frankau's WINE, WOMEN AND WAITERS
 Frankish's DR. CUNLIFFE, INVESTIGATOR
 Gribble's CASE-BOOK OF ANTHONY SLADE
 Hamilton's FOUR TRAGEDIES OF MEMWORTH
 Hill's CLUES FROM A DETECTIVE'S CAMERA
 Hill's CABINET SECRETS
 Hanshew's MAN OF THE FORTY FACES (English
 first edition only)
 Hillyard's RECOLLECTIONS OF A PHYSICIAN
 Hodgson's CARNACKI THE GHOST FINDER

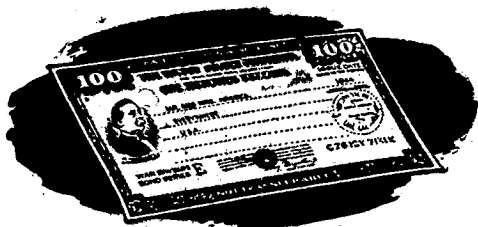
Horler's BEAUTY AND THE POLICEMAN
 Horler's THE WORST MAN IN THE WORLD
 Horler's THE SCREAMING SKULL
 Horler's DYING TO LIVE
 Jepson's GARDEN AT 19
 Jepson's TRAGEDIES OF MR. PIP
 Jepson's BARRADINE DETECTS
 Leblanc's THE SEVEN OF HEARTS
 Leblanc's THE FAIR-HAIRED LADY
 Leblanc's JIM BARNETT INTERVENES
 LeQueux's THE DEATH DOCTOR
 Lermine's THREE EXPLOITS OF M. PARENT
 Sinclair Lewis's SELECTED SHORT STORIES
 Lloyd's A LAWYER'S SECRETS
 McGowan's BROUGHT TO BAY
 McGowan's SOLVED MYSTERIES
 Martel's DIARY OF AN EX-DETECTIVE
 Martyn's CHRISTOPHER BOND, ADVENTURER
 Murray's INVESTIGATIONS OF JOHN PYM
 Oppenheim's THE AMAZING PARTNERSHIP
 Oppenheim's CHRONICLES OF MELHAMPTON
 Oppenheim's THE HUMAN CHASE
 Oppenheim's INSPECTOR DICKINS RETIRES
 Police Captains of New York — FIFTEEN DE-
 TECTIVE STORIES
 Prescott's THE BAUER MURDER
 Priwin's INSPECTOR HORNLEIGH INVESTIGATES
 Quiller-Couch's I SAW THREE SHIPS
 Rees's INVESTIGATIONS OF COLWIN GREY
 Roberts's A.B.C. INVESTIGATES
 Rohmer's EGYPTIAN NIGHTS
 Sayers's HANGMAN'S HOLIDAY (English first
 edition only)
 Vachell's EXPERIENCES OF A BOND ST. JEWELER
 W. W.'s THE DETECTIVE ALBUM
 Wallace's LAW OF THE FOUR JUST MEN
 Wallace's THE CAT BURGLAR
 Wallace's CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE
 Wallace's THE LITTLE GREEN MAN
 Wallace's THE LAST ADVENTURE
 Marriott Watson's THE HIGH TOBY
 "Waters's" SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE
 "Waters's" UNDISCOVERED CRIMES
 "Waters's" MRS. WALDEGRAVE'S WILL
 Wheatley's GUNMEN, GALLANTS AND GHOSTS
 Whitechurch's THRILLING STORIES OF THE
 RAILWAY
 Whitechurch's ADVENTURES OF CAPT. IVAN
 KORAVITCH
 BLACK MASK Magazine — early issues, espe-
 cially 1923

Ellery Queen — 91 OLD MILL ROAD, GREAT NECK, NEW YORK

He won't dodge this-



Don't you dodge this!



The kid'll be right there when his C. O. finally gives the signal . . .

There'll be no time to think of better things to do with his life. **THE KID'S IN IT FOR KEEPS**—giving all he's got, *now!*

We've got to do the same. This is the time for us to throw in everything we've got.



Now's the time to dig out that extra hundred bucks—for Invasion Bonds.

Or make it \$200. Or \$1000. Or \$1,000,000. There's no ceiling on this one!

The 5th War Loan is the biggest, the most vitally important financial effort of this whole War!

Back the Attack! - BUY MORE THAN BEFORE

The American Mercury

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

A force that moves minds

FROM that ancient day when Og first scratched on the wall of his cave the story of a successful hunt, man has found the picture-story is most potent form of expression.

As he developed cuneiform, hieroglyphics, ideographs and finally alphabet, he gained a new flexibility and range of expression . . . but he could never relinquish the dramatic power of pictures. Through the ages, with constantly changing techniques, with the added impact of vivid color and the development of continuity, the picture-story has moved minds and hearts . . . because we humans *think* in pictures; as children we draw stories before we write them.

In the pictures and words of the modern comic magazines, both impact and flexibility have been integrated into a single persuasive force. Peopled with strange and wonderful heroes, the comic magazines have given us a modern mythology; Superman has joined Ulysses and Paul Bunyan.

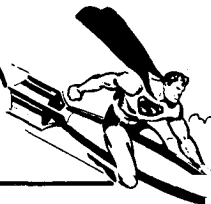
So basic and universal is their appeal that, unknown a short decade ago, comic magazines are today the most widely read of all printed material . . . currently sell more than 35,000,000 copies per issue! Here, indeed, is a new and powerful force that moves minds . . .



CAVE WALL SCRATCHING



EARLY EGYPTIAN PAIN....



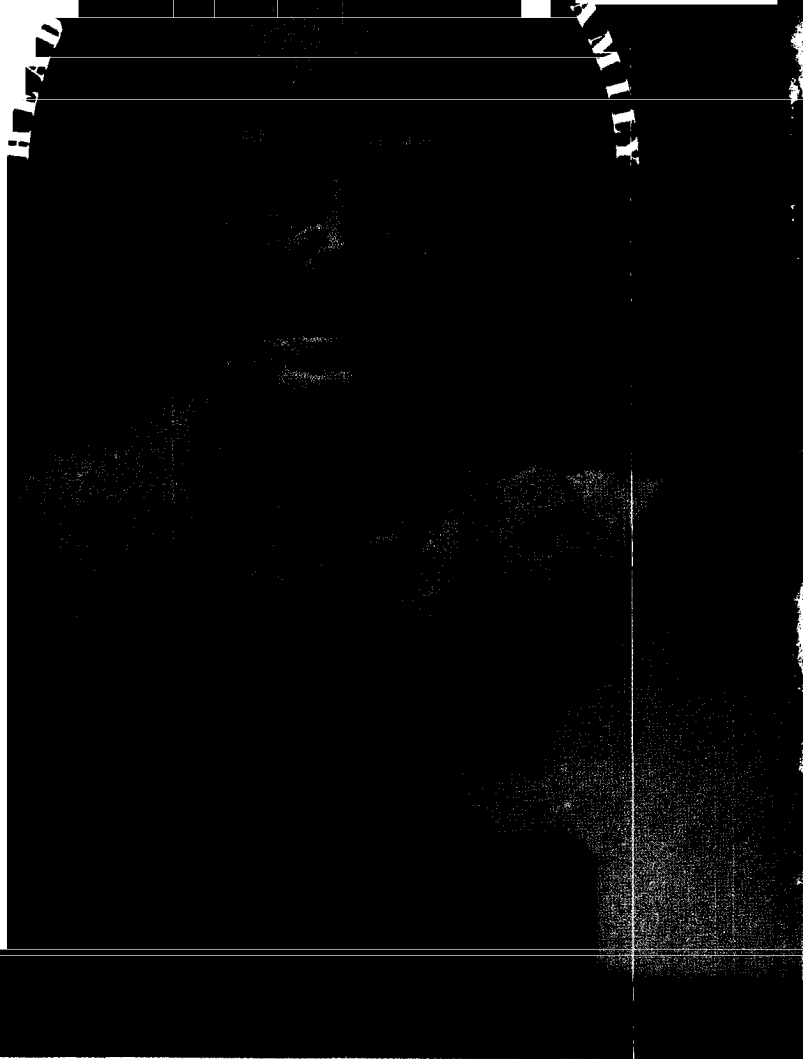
TODAY'S STRIP CONTINUITY



**The 22 SUPERMAN D.C.
PUBLICATIONS**

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



Each brilliant drop of Old Grand-Dad
—mellow, smooth, gloriously good—is a toast to
bourbon at its best. *One taste will tell you why!*

BOTTLED IN BOND AT FULL 100 PROOF
NATIONAL DISTILLERS ASSOCIATION
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG